

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QORUMS AND THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



Vol XIII AUGUST, 1910 No. 10

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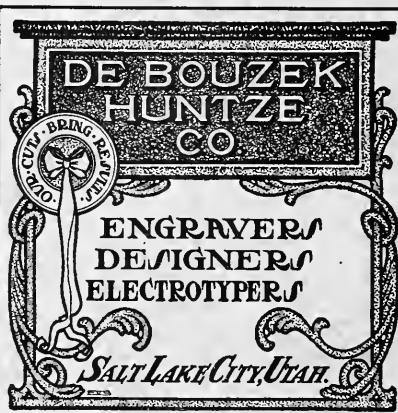
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WRITE REGISTRAR FOR PARTICULARS

The ERA was indeed a help to us in our mission work in Germany, while I was there. I wish it continued success."—J. Hamilton Gardner, Lehi, Utah, June 29, 1910.

You can save 20% on your purchase of knit-wear and other goods advertised by one firm in this number if you mention the ERA. You always benefit yourself if you mention the ERA to all our advertisers. Tell the colleges you saw them in the ERA.

Elder Will W. Osborne, No. 16 Lawrence St., Belfast, Ireland, writes: "We all appreciate the ERA very much. It is the means of doing much good. We put many of the copies in the hands of investigators and I have often heard them say, 'It is the best magazine I have ever read.'"

Elder John M. Jensen, writing from Aetna, Alta., Canada, says: "Thanks for the ERA sent me while on my mission in Denmark. I have received much encouragement through reading it and have felt the spirit of inspiration in its pages. It is certainly doing a good work in the mission field."

J. Alma Langston, writing from Breslau, Germany, May 28, says: "We all look forward to the time when the **Era** should come, and if it doesn't arrive at the appointed time, there are many inquiries sent to the Leipzig office. Nothing is more refreshing and instructive for missionary life than to busy one's self with the ERA: We wish the ERA and its workers success."

This month's ERA contains three stories—easy, attractive reading for hot days. The leading article, "Be Ye Clean," by Dr. George H. Brimhall, is full of incident and truth that will attract all young men. President Anthon H. Lund in the "Editors Table," expresses some striking arguments on "The Order of the Priesthood."

Elder H. R. Merrill, writing from Belfast, Ireland, says: 'It gives me great pleasure to be of some assistance in the publication of the ERA, for I am sure it has no superior in its field in the world, and every number is worth being kept in the best of libraries.' The ERA is grateful to Elder Merrill for his story, "The Call of Authority," and for the beautiful poem in this number, "My Home Among the Hills."

Elder Thomas E. Secrist, writing from Garland, Utah, July 14, says: "I want to say that the ERA is doing a great missionary work in Kentucky. I have loaned my numbers out until they were nearly worn out. The sermon by President Smith at the funeral of Rachel Grant on "Our Identity After Death" made many friends for the elders and started some to investigate the Gospel. I shall always have a good word to say for the ERA. It is one of the best magazines in the Church, and I wish you success."

"The Gospel Outline" is a mission pamphlet of twenty pages by Elder Nephi Anderson, editor of Liahona, The Elders' Journal, and published by the Central States Mission. It contains important scriptural references bearing on the Gospel, arranged in logical order, and designed to give to missionaries and other students of the Gospel a working knowledge of scriptural quotations. Some of the titles: A Knowledge of God, Angels, Man, Our First Parents' Fall, The Atonement of Christ, Faith and Works, Repentance, Baptism, The Holy Ghost, Divine Authority, The Church, Revelations, The Apostasy, The Restoration, Church Unity, The Book of Mormon, Salvation for the Dead, Sacrament, Tithing, The Sabbath, Persecution, Ministration to the Sick, Second Coming of Christ, The Millennium, Degrees of Salvation, etc. It sets forth the most important quotations from ancient and modern scripture to prove the standpoint of the Latter-day Saints on these questions, and gives the gist of the message missionaries are sent forth to promulgate.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, AUGUST, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, .	} Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
EDWARD H. ANDERSON,		MORONI SNOW, Assistant

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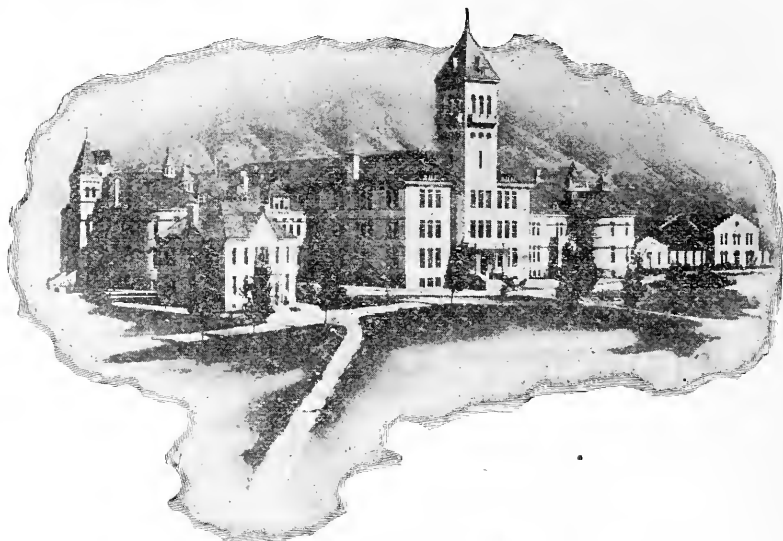
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WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE

ADDRESS THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, U. A. C, LOGAN, UTAH

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUST, 1910.

No 10.

“Be Ye Clean.”*

BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM
YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

My brethren and sisters, I believe in self-reliance; I believe in a certain amount of independence; but I do not believe that self-reliance segregated from everything else is of much value. I do not think my self-reliance to breathe is of much value if I eliminate my dependence upon a supply of something to breathe. I do not believe that my self-reliance to see amounts to very much standing off by itself, and no stimulus furnished me from elsewhere. This ego, this suggestive existence is a very small thing to boast over. I want your faith and your prayers; I want to be dependent upon my Father in heaven, so exercise your faith and prayers for me. I am here for you, tonight; you are not here for me. The Church is for you. This beautiful world is for the people who are in it. The gospel is for you. It would be a gospel if none of you lived. It is not so much a question of you being for the institution, as the institution being for you.

“Be ye clean,” has been assigned me as a topic. Who said it? It is put in quotation marks. My Father in heaven, your

* An address delivered at the closing session of the annual M. I. A. Conference, June 5, 1910, at the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Father in heaven said it and handed it down to us, through the dispensations, reiterating it to the Prophet Joseph.

Cleanliness, courage and industry characterize a successful life. I mean courage to do what we know to be right, and courage to seek the greatest avenues of right—God's avenues. Where else do I hear the proclamation, "Be ye clean?" To whom am I addressing this text? To young Israel; to men and women the issue of the cleanest fountains of life that the ages have produced—the Josephs of modern Israel. I am speaking to a class of men and women, youths and maidens, who have been put in the midst of environments all of which are saying, Be ye clean. If I cast my eyes upward, the Italian skies smile back upon me, and it seems as if they say to my soul, Be ye clean. These mountain peaks, capped with the symbol of purity, the white snow, looking down upon us from the time we were born, are saying with the silent influence of their majesty and their purity, Be ye clean. The mountain rills, that come leaping from the canyons and sparkle in their clearness, seem to say, Be ye clean. The wind that blows, coming from the grass-covered mountains, or the pine-clad hills, in all its freshness seems to say—no, not seems to say, it *does* say to your soul and to mine, Be ye clean. It purifies my blood, and invigorates my whole being. Then, if I gaze upon myself, or if I look upon one of you—the human form, with its contour, its symmetry, filled with intelligence, this individual says, Be ye clean.

I heard an eminent physician, not long since, speaking about keeping the body clean, and he said to the students: "How sweet we feel when we are clean! How the very fragrance of cleanliness is invigorating! There is nothing so sweet as a clean babe, with all its innocence." But there is another field to which I turn—the soul-craving, the yearning for cleanliness, the thirst for righteousness. If I turn to my own soul, and you to yours, if it is not a corrupted soul, we find a something in here which says, Be ye clean. Then, if this be true, why give such a subject as this for our conference? I will take the liberty of reading a clipping from our newspaper—I say *our* newspaper, because if I can have but one newspaper, this is the one I shall have, because it is the cleanest one. I find that, by reading this paper, I am posted

fairly well, with my neighbors, on the current events of the age. I find that, through its columns, I form an acquaintance with the hourly news of the day, comparatively with my friends with whom I converse. I find that it is a peer, as a periodical, to the best periodicals; and I find that its editorial pages sparkle with the things that help me as a father, help me as a teacher, help me as a man. It is one of the factors of social and individual cleanliness. I have reference to the *Deseret News*. I do not hear very much about it; it does not need talking about, but I come back again to the first proposition—the *Deseret News*, perchance, does not need me, but I need it; my household needs it; the school with which I am connected needs it.

I will read this clipping, from a recent editorial in the *News*:

A little book has just been published by the Vir Publishing company, Philadelphia, which should be widely read. It is called *Letters of a Physician to his Daughters*, and it treats on “the great black plague,” a subject on which too little is generally known. The author is Dr. F. A. Rupp. His aim is to enlighten the young people on the awful dangers to which they are exposed through the existence of the “social evil.” His language is plain, and some of the facts he relates are awful, but the little book can be read by the most fastidious.

The author claims that about 72 per cent of the adult male population is unfit, on account of a certain disease, to be husbands and fathers, and that thousands of innocent girls are every year contaminated, broken in health and sent to their graves. He warns unsuspecting girls against these conditions.

It is a subject of which little is ever said, in public or in print, but it is evident that the time has come for a friendly warning to the young people. The conditions in the world are such that, for the sake of coming generations, no less than ourselves, it becomes necessary to make war upon “the black plague,” with all the means at our disposal.

I was not startled at reading this, because I had taken pains to confidentially converse with physicians concerning conditions, and I was told by one, and it was verified by another, in brief, that the graduating physicians abroad are told to take no chances when they go to a home where a new birth is expected—take no chances, but always treat the eyes of the child at its birth! Then he gave me the per cents. I will not quote them here, because I

think you are ready to say, "Talk cleanliness; the world has filth enough that we must meet and endure." You and I needed no treatment of that kind! There was no necessity of cautioning the accoucheurs in our homes to protect us from the probability of having our little eyes filled, at birth, with that which would put them out. Ah! the Jews understood something about these things when they said, "Master, who has sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" But we were born of an ancestry that put us on the plain of life unhandicapped, that we might survive among the fittest of men. Today I met a woman from the south, and she said: "My father was a wonderful man. He has a posterity of over two hundred, and not one of them is deformed." Of those two hundred descendants of that man, there is not one that is deficient in any faculty; he is but a type of many of the founders of this commonwealth.

I suppose I might tell you of some things you already know. One of them is this: You must exist, there is no escaping from existence, and you must, with myself, be subject to law. If I will not obey high law, I must come under the penalty of low law. If I will not keep the law of cleanliness, then I must come under the law of uncleanness. We cannot escape it, either individually or communitively. The law is after every one of us—silently, searchingly making its demands. I want to relate a circumstance or two on this question of personal cleanliness.

An eminent physician said to me, the other night, on the train, "Do you remember such and such a young man?"

I replied, "I do; and I knew his father. His father was a very prominent man in educational and political circles."

"Well," he said, "I was that man's classmate. He could get his geometry with a half hour's effort; his language was but a plaything to him; and he walked right through Latin, while I plodded and plodded. We loved each other; we hunted and fished together; we associated together among our friends. I scarcely had a brother that I loved as I loved him. He knew my heart; I thought I knew his. We graduated together. One day he came to me and said, calling me by name, 'Let us go to such a place tonight.' And I asked him, 'Why? What for?' 'Oh,' he said, 'you will learn what for. You have not tasted the sweet fruits of life

yet; come on.’ I said, ‘Explain;’ and he told me where he was going and what he was going for. I turned to him and said, ‘My friend, no other man have I loved more than you; no other man has been knitted to my soul by the bonds of companionship more closely than you; but henceforth please do not acknowledge me as an acquaintance. You have been where I can never go. I have my manhood; I have the purity of my boyhood; now we part.’

And they parted. The man who had tasted these “sweets of life” and sought to befriend his companion by luring him there, went east to school; and for the first year he made a record. The next year his memory failed him; “and the sequence was,” said my friend on the train, “he died in a hospital.”

“That is a sporadic case, doctor,” I said.

“It represents a type, a whole class of men,” he said.

The wages of sin is death. Now what took place in this sad case? It was a happy thing for the man and the community that he did die, that he was gone. Nature blotted him out, as far as an earthly individual is concerned. She did more than that, she blotted him out as a perpetuator of his race. I do not know whether he will want individual, eternal life or not, but he can’t escape it—I mean individual, eternal existence; he can’t escape that; but I do not think he can have eternal life in the sense that you and I can enjoy it, because eternal life means eternal liberty; it means eternal love; it means eternal labor; it means eternal progress. He cannot have it as you and I can have it, because he is loaded down, bowed in spirit, filthy still; as the Prophet Alma says, “Do not think that the resurrection is the restoration of impurity to purity; that which is filthy will be filthy still;” indicating that a process of purification must go on after death.

The character of all characters that I admire is Joseph that was sold into Egypt. He, it seems to me, was the most rounded character I ever read of. He must have been a perfect type of physical vigor, and he must have been a high type of intellectual vigor, else the great landowner of Egypt would not have trusted him, and he would not have been put as an overseer in the prison cell. He must have been a wonderful type of moral vigor and strength to stand true to his master, true to his trust, true to

himself. I know that he was a high type of spiritual vigor, because when the king was troubled he came out with boldness, saying that interpretations belong to God, and then with self-reliance, reinforced by a reliance on the Lord—and that comes only through spirituality—he said, “God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.” That is an all-around man—physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually vigorous.

The other day I was coming from the south in an automobile. The owner of it was handling it, and his wife, who was sitting behind, said, calling him by name: “Something is the matter with this machine. The valves are not working equally; you have lost a spark somewhere.”

The man threw on the extra force of the gasoline, and sought to clear the engine, but it would not clear, and he said, “I believe there is a dead spark.”

He got out. I wanted to learn something about automobiles, so I got out, too. He lifted the cover and he took one of the plugs out—or, first, he took a steel screw-driver and held it near to the little rod that ran up beside one of these plugs. As he touched it, an electric spark flew to the screw-driver, and he said, “Alive.” He touched the next one. There was a spark. He said, “That one’s alive and all right.” As he put his screw-driver near the third one there was a faint response. He said, “Half dead.” He put his screw-driver to the next one—no response. He said, “Dead.” He went back to the box and took a new plug. He unscrewed the dead plug and screwed the new one in its place. He unscrewed the half-dead plug, then took a brush and a little—something like a toothpick—and began to pick at the plug and brush it.

By this time I said, “Well, what made that one weak?”

“Dirt,” he said.

“Oh,” I said, “that was what killed the last one?”

He said, “Sure. Sometimes, when we get a faint, weak plug, we can clean it up and go on; but if it gets very dirty we have to unscrew it and put in a new one.”

Well, the whole thing was preaching me a sermon.

I once heard President George Q. Cannon speaking from this stand to the young people on “The causes of apostasy,” and he

gave uncleanness,—he called it unchastity—as one of the causes of apostasy. Do you know that we have the word of the Eternal that a filthy man, an unchaste man, one who persists in it and does not repent in sack-cloth and ashes, shall deny the faith? It is an absolute, *fixed penalty*. A man that will undertake to be unclean and remain in this Church, is attempting to make Deity a falsifier. Dirty sparks—dying sparks—dead sparks.

The Josephs were not all sent to Egypt, brethren and sisters; there are many Josephs in Israel today. I want to talk cleanliness to you. I will tell you a story of one of our young men that went to Germany, a perfect Apollo in physique, and he was marked as a victim by beauty and wealth. He found himself locked in a room, on a railroad train, with one of his pursuers, a charming creature, and he said to me:

“Why, Brother Brimhall, you don’t know how my blood boiled. At first I was simply disgusted, but the allurements, and the cunning, and the blandishments, and the taunts—at times taunting me as not being a man—were hard to endure. Every fiber of my being was burning with passion; and” he said, “do you know what happened? Vividly came back the words of Apostle John Henry Smith, which he spoke to me when I left for Europe. It seemed that I could see him standing right before me, and feel the pressure of his parting grasp; and I was lifted into an atmosphere of purity, so that I would have died before I would have yielded to the temptations without, or the clamoring within.”

Another young man who went west for an education, and who is quite an eminent professor, said:

“‘Mormonism’ saved me when I was out in the world. The words of Joseph Smith, that I had read, saved me. I was in the swim, rushing along down the social current, and I came to a place where I was face to face with temptation, and these words came to me: ‘A man who commits adultery cannot enter the celestial kingdom of God.’ I had read that, and I believed it, and it kept me from falling.”

I speak of this that you may know what influence the gospel has upon men, and how it rescues them. Oh, is it possible that a class of young people who are taught as you and I have been

taught—that keeping clean is as much a necessity as keeping alive—is it possible that we can ever prostitute our purity! I remember a case of parents saying to their son, “Now, you are going on a mission. We are glad you are worthy. We expect you to do your duty and return, but we would rather you came back to us in a coffin than to come back to us unclean.”

We, as a people, are taught that next to murder is unchastity; and that is philosophic. The man who kills his fellow man, unlawfully, moves the spirit world; he has created conditions that demand an entrance into the spirit world; and he has no authority of law for doing it. And the person who creates physical conditions that require the moving of the heavens towards the earth, with no authority of law behind the act, has unlawfully disturbed the physical and the spiritual universe. Oh, my brethren and sisters, happy, happy is the father and the mother who can take their first-born, and all their children, and say, “You are the product of law and love!” I speak of the law of God, not only in our Church—for we have the law of God, it is the law of God for eternity,—but people outside the Church may have the law of God, to them, for this life.

Is it possible that a man will take advantage of a woman's weakness? Why not take the advantage of the weakness of her arm and strike the blow, because you are stronger? Have virtuous boys and you will have chaste girls everywhere. I heard a woman, one time from this stand, years ago, say that in primitive time man pursued woman as the hawk pursues the dove. Well, it is too much so now. There are men in this enlightened age who talk about woman being the legitimate prey of man—but not Latter-day Saints, not real men. Let me tell you what happened in a court, in a celebrated case. I will just quote the words of the attorney; they impressed me very forcibly. It was a case where a fallen woman had killed a vile man. It had been a long drawn out case; I will not name it here, if I did, you would remember it. The attorney said, “The brute in him called, and the brute in her answered.” We speak about having spirit in our veins, in the resurrection. Why, we need spirit in our veins now, to control this blood that is in our veins. The brute is not to lead the man, and it is wrong, in one respect, to call it brute, because it is the image of God, but

it may become brutish. It is an awful thing to call a man a brute, but if he lets these lower impulses guide him and direct him, what is he? He is subject to the lower or animal nature; he is worse than the brute, lower than the brute, because he is a man underneath the brute. Why shall we not protect them—our sisters? They are jewels in our care; are we knights or cravens? Let me tell you, girls, no man is capable—I am speaking psychologically—no man is capable of properly loving a woman whose virtue he has not had a regard for. After he has despoiled her, I do not care what compensation he may make, he is psychologically incapable of loving her as he would have loved her had he followed the lines of the law and of humanity, and not the cravings of animality. History is full of incidents to prove this, and science is conclusive on that point. Now, girls, you might remember this: don't cheapen your charms. Do you remember the story of the old grocer who, when a fellow came up to his store and began taking hold of the fruit, said, “Begone with you?” The fellow thought the old grocer was rather surly, and said, “Why, we might want to buy some peaches;” and the old man replied, “A peach that everybody handles, nobody wants to buy.” (Laughter.) So, girls, don't cheapen your charms.

There are things that strengthen us in the line of being clean, aside from what we have been born to. Among these are clean books, clean associates. I heard a man say, the other day, at our commencement exercises, a very intellectual man who was speaking to the graduates, how they were to be responsible for what they did in this world, and he said, “I have been trying for fifty years to overcome a song I heard when I was a boy.” I say to you, oh, have regard for boyhood! If you cannot regard your God, if you cannot regard yourself, your fatherhood, your mother sentiment, regard the boy, and never sing aught but purity in his presence, nor tell a story that is filled with unclean thoughts, lest you be held guilty of corrupting an innocent soul. We, many of us, know how these things hang on to us. There is a place in Spanish Fork canyon that I cannot pass today without an old vulgar jingling coming into my ears. I was riding up the canyon, one day, with Dr. M. H. Hardy—there was a man whose life was a

sermon in cleanliness and courage—and I said to him, “Doctor when we get up there, that old thing is going to rise up.”

“You know how to get rid of it?” he said.

“Yes, I have been thinking of it.”

As we rode up, there was the maple tree under which the camp-fire had been built, twenty-five years before that time. Around that camp-fire crouched, with the rain pouring down on the quilts, the men—no, the males,—who sang that vulgar song to me and the other boys. Well, as we approached that old campground there, the jingle of that song began, and the unclean suggestions came back to me, and I called out, so loud that it echoed over the hills, the names of “Nephi!” “Joseph!” and at once my mind was filled with revelations of the deeds of these noble characters, and suddenly the vile images and suggestions skulked off to the corners of forgetfulness; evil was overcome with good, and Satan was cast out. Lives of great men are calling, “Be clean!”

I want to tell you what else calls to me: The wrecks of my acquaintances, the ruined lives, the darkened souls of men that I have known are looking up and saying, “Oh, be clean! Be clean!” The ruins of prostitute and decayed nations are calling to you and to me, all down the corridors of time, saying to us, as a community, and saying to the young people of this century, “Be clean! Be clean!” The words of my mother are echoing in my ears—the words she wrote me at a mining camp, saying, “my boy, be clean! be clean!” The eyes of my children, the confiding gaze of my wife, the sweet, innocent look of the students I meet, and my brethren and sisters, are all saying, “Be clean!” And, oh, I thank God that I have been preserved! I thank my Father that I have escaped unscathed! What would I be if I had to keep my soul, all the time, a secret that I dare not divulge to my complement, and be conscious that if she knew what I knew about myself she would regret having become mine! What must a lover feel, when he is forced to realize that if his sweetheart knew what he knows about himself she would never marry him! A fair deal in courtship is made possible only by cleanliness, or by open confession.

One thing more: The lives of my brethren with whom I asso-

ciate, the brethren in our home circles and the brethren here, and especially the whole lives of the general authorities of the Church, are calling to me and saying, “Be clean! Be clean!” The cleanliness of their words and works at home and abroad proclaim cleanliness of character. I wish to testify with all the power I have, with all the hopes I have of meeting it here and hereafter, that the feeling, the spirit and the atmosphere that surround the brethren, the leaders of this people, breathe cleanliness and courage. And, further, that great and good men of the world testify to the same thing.

God bless you and this work—this glorious work! May he help us to keep our family name clean, help us to keep the name of this Church clean, and help—oh, not help, but do keep ourselves clean, that we may not be required to walk the earth, or go into the eternities of the spirit world loaded down with uncleanness—is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Come, Gather to Zion.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Out on life's sea where the tempest is raging,
A wand'rer is drifting so sad and alone,
And over the billows the Savior is calling
And earnestly bidding the wand'rer come home.

Come, gather to Zion, ye humble and lowly,
No longer in darkness ye wander alone,
The elders of Israel are the gospel proclaiming,
And bringing God's children to Zion, their home.

Come, ye that are weary and burdened with sorrow;
Come, ye young and ye old, ye feeble and blind;
Yes, come unto Zion, your home in the mountains,
And partake of the blessings of Jesus so kind.

Come, ye honest in heart, and receive the glad message:
The Savior has spoken from heaven once more,
Restored the true gospel in his tender mercy,
Come, gather to Zion, and rejoice evermore!

EUGENE A. ROOCH.

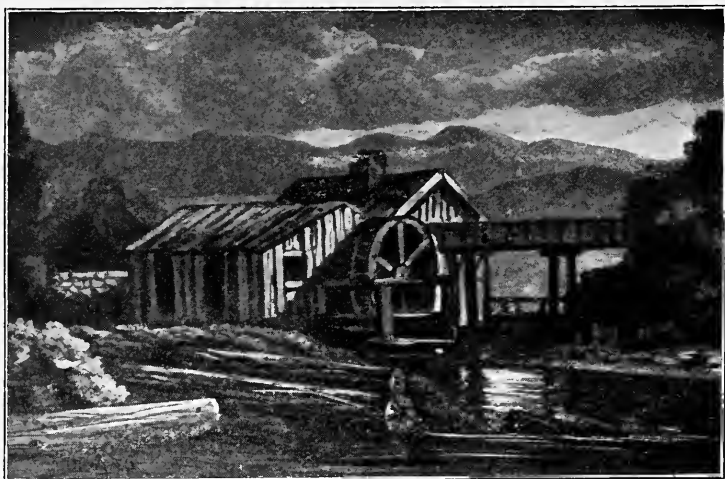


THE MILL IN LIBERTY PARK.

FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

It might be thought, perhaps, that in a country so recently settled as Utah, there would be very few buildings of a purely picturesque character. Such, however, is not the fact. There are all sorts of rustic bits, worthy the sketcher's attention, by the quiet valley streams and at the village cross-roads—weather-stained mills with cumbrous wheels, odd cottages, all sorts of quaint pieces of architecture, surrounded by fields and orchard walls.

The old mill in Liberty Park was once highly picturesque; that is, especially in connection with its surroundings. In the spring time there was a bright and pleasant scene there, when the rushes of the mill-pond first thrust up their fresh green blades from the water, but growing more sombre as the season advanced until, in summer, the rushes formed an all but unimpenetrable fen, inhabited by all the marauding blackbirds of the locality. Perfectly in keeping with the mill and its environments were the rain storms of autumn, when the rushes were all withered and brown, and up amongst them were the tall milkweeds with faded, yellow leaves and silken tassels hanging from the bursted seed-pods. The above sketch was taken by the flume, where the waters of the pond emptied when the mill was at rest.



THE SAW MILL, MOUTH OF NOISY WATER.

FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Hardly could we find a more pictorial scene than was once the Church blacksmith-shop, a short distance beyond the Eagle Gate. That is, in connection with the water mill that once stood by it. The gray adobe walls of the shop, the wheel and grass-grown flume of the mill, were reflected in a pool of the passing stream. And in the background were the bold outlines of the northern hills.

No less picturesque was the saw-mill, a short distance beyond; and again the flour mill beyond that. In brief, the mouth of Noisy Water, a few years ago, was a sort of paradise for the sketcher of rustic scenes. There was something impressive in the thought, as one used to look at the mill or saw wheel, that the water that turned it came from the wilds that heard the eagle's scream and the cries of the wild beasts, and yet passed on to irrigate the fields and orchards of the Pioneers. And the logs that lay by the saw-mill, too; they had been the solemn pines which grew where raged the mountain storms; their branches had been vocal to the winds of summer and winter; the lightnings had played among them, and the wild snows had drifted. The pines had murmured like the waves of a summer sea; or shrieked before the fierce onslaught of the northern blast.

The Friend.

BY WILLARD DONE.

I.

"Big Bill Dayton" he was called by the men who rode the western plains with him. In the large hearts of these men, expanding under the influence of the boundless plains and the lofty mountains, he occupied a place befitting his size. For Dayton was a big-bodied, large-souled man, in every sense a friend. And if, in a universal way, "all the world loves a lover," every man in it loves intimately and individually a friend.

Dayton was a scout, hunter and guide on the western frontiers in the early 50's, and knew every phase of the wild lives and strong, sturdy, true characters of the men who braved the primitive perils and hardships of the virgin wilderness. There was a mysterious something connected with his early life in New England which had been only vaguely hinted at among his companions, but was circumstantially known to none of them. They only knew, in a general way, that in his young manhood he had had educational advantages, social aspirations, bright prospects, refined surroundings, influential connections. Then, of a sudden, everything changed; prospects vanished; the future was darkened; and "the places that had known him knew him no more." It was, as Longfellow has said,

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

There were vague hints of an unfortunate love affair, involving the treachery of a trusted friend, and a disappointment from

which complete recovery was impossible. At any rate, he suddenly left his native town just when his career seemed about to open, and began a new life in the great west.

The friends he found in his new home, and the few strangers he occasionally met, made but few attempts to probe into his past, and he met these attempts with good-humored but baffling evasion.

"'Bili,'" said one of them, "why did ye come to th' wild and woolly, when ye might've hed wife and young 'uns and home and infloence in th' *effete* east? What made ye come, anyway?"

With a good-natured smile and wink he answered, "'Cause I like ye so well, boys. I felt yer friendly hooks a reachin' out and pullin' me acrost the range, and I jist couldn't help comin'. It was your fault thet the east lost me, an' my promisin' career was cut short. Why say, boys, if ye'd only let me alone, I might' ve been in Congress or in jail by now. And maybe I wouldn't've broke the hearts of a lot of forlorn girls and left New England so all fired full of pinin' old maids. It's all your fault, boys.'"

His manner of speech, rather than his words, was greeted with delighted shouts, and the boys knew better than to pursue the subject further. It was very evident that Dayton had no intention of telling them of his life before the west called him. And yet each day their conviction was deepened that reasons unknown to them lay behind his severing old ties and forming new ones. So they bided their time in patience.

Only with one of the men was Dayton in the least degree confidential. If it is the case that opposites attract, there was a striking illustration of the fact in the friendship of Dayton and Dick Martin. Dick was little more than five feet high, and weighed only a hundred and ten pounds. The contrast between his diminutive figure and Dayton's six feet, and more than two hundred pounds, of muscular manhood, was almost grotesque. But in the long rides and arduous labors and thrilling adventures of the frontiersmen, they were inseparable companions. "Big Bill" and "Dickey Boy" were familiarly and closely associated figures in the west; and if Dayton lifted the curtain of his past life to any one, it was to Martin.

II.

The golden glow of the summer of 1852 was fading into autumn, and some of the boys, Dayton and Martin among them, were ready for a trip from Fort Bridger to the Missouri river. They set out in the early morning, just as the level rays of the sun shot across the prairie, making a path of gold for the beginning of their journey.

"It's a good sign, Dick," said Dayton, as he and Martin rode side by side, a little apart from the others.

"What is?" asked the matter-of-fact Martin.

"The sun-path to the east," answered Dayton, his serious eyes turned full on his friend's face.

"Say, Bill," said Martin, "don't ye sometimes wish ye was in the east, 'stid of livin' in this no-man's country?"

A shadow of pain rested for a moment on Dayton's face, as he made answer.

"No, Dick, I don't. Fer I know thet out here there's truth and honesty, and when a friend hitches up with ye, he's yours till the world goes smash. It may be no-man's country," he added after a pause, "but it's God's country. And it's too big and wonderful for men to be mean; and people ain't so thick here thet they hev to lie and deceive and take each other's stuff and break faith with their friends."

"Bill," said Martin, "I know ye're way above us fellers. Ye're only puttin' on when ye talk rough and act ign'rant. When ye fergit yerself, ye talk and act like a—a—" he paused for a word—"like a Senator!" he finished abruptly.

Dayton started at the word, and a flush spread over his face.

"You've hit me right, Dick," he said. "You're the only man out here, I guess, that ever tried to understand me. So I think you can understand what I'm going to tell you. I was a law student in a New England town; and after graduating I opened an office, secured a practice, and made a start in politics. And there was where my trouble began. I was candidate for the Senatorship, and my chief opponent was also my rival for the love of a beautiful girl.

"I never could prove it on him, but I believe he stooped to sharp practice and low politics to gain his ends and defeat me. I'm not the kind of man, Dick, to play the trickster in love or a fight. I've got to see my enemy's eyes when I strike him. I can't stab him in the back.

"Well, I woke up, the morning after the election, a ruined man: defeated for office, spurned by the girl I loved, stripped of my practice, shunned by my friends. I guess I was too hot-headed, but I immediately issued a statement declaring that I knew nothing of the means by which I had been defeated and discredited; that I cared nothing; that the good or ill opinion of people so fickle was a matter of indifference to me; that the truth would come out some time, and I would hold my patience; that I wouldn't dignify the town by living in it any longer; and much more to the same effect.

"There was a great deal of bombast in what I said, but the spirit of indignant protest was on me and brought to full vigor an inborn love of wild adventure; so I left the town that night and started west. That was seven years ago, Dick, and no word has passed between my friends and me since that time.

"If I had had any relatives," he continued after a time, "maybe I wouldn't have thrown away my life. But the spirit of wild unrest is on me now forever, and I am always to be a homeless, hopeless, aimless wanderer."

There was such a note of pathos in the story and the manner of telling it, that tears sprang to Martin's eyes. In mute sympathy he grasped the big man's hand, and they rode on in silence.

III.

An emigrant train, bound for the gold fields of California, was making its slow and weary way westward. In the party was a man scarcely entering middle life, yet prematurely old, with hair growing gray and face deeply marked with lines of care. His wife was a strikingly handsome woman, refined in features, and graceful and dignified in bearing. But her face bore traces of sorrow and suffering and deep anxiety, as if ordeals remote or recent had tried her soul to the limit of endurance.

With them was their only child, a little girl not more than five years old, but bearing evidence of a sad experience far beyond her years. Only at long intervals did she relax from her seriousness long enough to pick a flower or play with a pretty pebble, or note some curious object along the trail. For the most part she looked anxiously at her father and mother, as if trying vainly to read the story of sorrow and care written in their faces.

It was only when her father was away that she put her questions into words. Time and again in the long journey had she asked her troubled mother questions which troubled and perplexed her the more.

"Didn't we have a good home in Norton, mamma?"

"Yes, my child."

"And wasn't papa rich?"

"Yes."

"Was he a Senator?"

"Yes, dear."

"What does it mean to be a Senator?"

"It's a great honor. A Senator goes to Washington and sits in a beautiful, big building and helps to make laws."

"Then why did papa come back from there so soon?"

"Hush, child," said the sorrowing mother, with a sob. "I can't make you understand."

"But I'll understand sometime, won't I?"

"I'm afraid so, my poor child."

The little one looked wonderingly at her mother, and hesitated a moment between sympathy and curiosity. She must ask one more question, the one that perplexed her most, and on which her childish curiosity had never been satisfied.

"Why did we leave home, where we had a nice house, and carriages and horses and money, and come out here where everything is so poor and bare and dry, and I get so tired—so tired—"

"Hush, hush, my poor child," said the heart-sick mother, bursting into uncontrollable tears.

And the little one put her arms around the mother's neck and murmured the words that have comforted many another sorely perplexed one, "Don't cry, mamma, everything will be all right."

Then the father came up, and he knew that the old subject was up for sorrowful question. So he turned away, and let the wife and child weep out their anguish together.

IV.

Riding as scouts in advance of their party, Dayton and Martin made their camp one night near a small stream which ran into the Platte river. The two preceding days rumors of Indian troubles had been brought to them by trappers, who were returning to winter quarters at Salt Lake City. That night they took their turns at sentry duty.

The second watch was taken by Dayton. The moon was at the full, and its mellow light brought every detail of the landscape into full relief. To the east of the camp was a low, sharp ridge, its slopes bearing a few trees. Like a silver band the glistening stream flowed past the camp, disappearing around the point of the hill. Tinged by the early frosts, winter's harbingers, the browning grass stretched in a ruffled vista to the north and south. The beauty of the scene enchanted Dayton, and the vast solitude reawakened in him the longings and aspirations of his early life. As he recalled his boyish hopes and ambitions, the career he had marked out for himself, and thought of her who he hoped would share it with him, he knew the bitter memories and vain regrets of the man who has cast the die of life and lost.

He was roused from his reverie by a faint sound which seemed to come from the trees on the further slope of the ridge. He listened intently; and soon the sound was repeated. It was the cry of a child. A third time it reached him, but it was interrupted, as if a hand had been suddenly clapped over the little one's mouth.

Dayton quietly awakened Martin and told him to watch the camp. Stealthily creeping up the slope, he saw an Indian running along near the summit, with a little girl in his arms. He ran in a crouching position, as if afraid of being seen in the brilliant moonlight by some one on the eastern side of the ridge. Dayton hid behind a tree directly in the Indian's path, and faced him when he came up, commanding him to halt. The savage was completely unnerved, and he knew that no argument would avail against the pistol the white man held. The child ceased crying and held out

her hands to Dayton, but he spoke to her in a voice as gentle as a woman's.

"Stay there a few minutes, dear. I'll soon get you back to your mother." And the little girl sank back into the savage's arms.

Changing again to the Indian tongue, Dayton asked gruffly, "Where did you get the girl?"

"Back here," said the Indian, nodding toward the east.

"How far?"

"About two hours."

"Where are you taking her?"

"To my camp."

"How far is that?" Dayton asked; but the Indian stubbornly refused to answer.

"Turn around," Dayton said sharply. The Indian obeyed.

"Now carry the child back to its mother," he said, in a commanding tone.

The Indian shuddered. "They kill me," he said.

"I'll kill you if you don't," Dayton exclaimed; and the Indian knew that he meant what he said.

Dayton called Martin, and knowing they could get back to camp soon after daybreak, the two drove the Indian before them at a rapid pace.

They had not proceeded far when they saw a woman running distractedly toward the south.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried the little girl, and Dayton shouted.

As the woman ran toward them Dayton turned to Martin and said, "Take this Indian back to the camp. I don't want him here when the child's mother comes. If you know he is not armed, you may turn him loose." Then turning to the Indian he said, "Don't come back. Leave white women and children alone. If you must fight, fight men. But don't let me see you again."

They disarmed the Indian and Martin started westward with him, while Dayton, with the child in his arms, went to meet the woman.

The mother took her child and passionately embraced and kissed it, while Dayton stood speechless and blanched, as if he had seen an apparition.

Then she looked up to thank her benefactor, and the color left her cheek, and the words of thanks died on her lips. "Will!" she gasped. "You here?"

Overcome with excitement and the surprise of the unexpected meeting, she swayed and would have fallen; but Dayton placed his arm through hers, and gently took the child from her. Then the flood of memory returned, and the barriers of seven years melted away before it. He saw her as he had known her in the old New England home, and the name he had called her sprang to his lips. "Edith, yes. This is my home now."

The pathos of utter loneliness and desolation was in his voice and words, and a sob of pity shook her frame. "And I have no home," she said disconsolately.

For a short time they walked along in silence, both busy with their thoughts. Edith was the first to speak.

"Why did you leave home between two days, like an outcast, with no word of farewell or explanation to your friends?" she asked.

"Do you, of all my friends, ask me that?" he exclaimed, looking at her in astonishment.

"And why not?" she asked. "After all that had passed between us in the old time, who is more entitled to know?"

"Who, indeed!" he exclaimed bitterly. He thrust his free hand into the bosom of his hunting shirt, drew therefrom a faded and battered paper and handed it to her. "Perhaps this will remind you of the reason." And the bitterness and sorrow of years of disappointed longing were in his voice.

The sun was just commencing to streak the eastern sky with strands of gold, and the light frost that decked the grass shone like diamonds. As Edith read the paper, her eyes dilated and a moan of despair escaped her lips. "It's a forgery!" she cried. "I wrote nothing. I had no opportunity. An enemy has done this."

"A forgery!" he exclaimed, incredulity and dismay pictured in his face. For a few minutes they stood, while the child turned wonderingly from one to the other.

Then Edith grasped Dayton's arm and gasped, "Can my husband—can Robert Bailey have done this?"

"So, you married my rival?" said he. Then, in bitter sarcasm, "I presume his triumph in love was a consequence of his noble political victory?"

"Will Dayton, you shall not speak to me like that," she said, and yet there was more of sorrow than anger in her voice. "I waited more than a year for news of you. I wrote letters to every place where I thought you might be. I resisted the bitter attacks they made on you, which were intensified by your absence. And then at length I was forced, by your continued silence, to think that you had cast me out of your heart, and to believe, under protest, the tales they told of you. And so, because of my bitter disappointment and his constant pleading, I married Robert Bailey."

By this time the little girl had fallen asleep in Dayton's arms, while the mother, weak with excitement and the long search for her child, leaned heavily on him as they walked.

"What did they say of me?" he asked.

"That you had defrauded a friend with promises based on your election to the Senate. That you had taken money as a bribe, on the promise that in the event of your election you would use your official position to promote his interests."

He stared at her in astonishment. "Who was this friend?" he asked.

"John Bartholomew," she answered. "He gave it out that you had approached him with such an offer to secure his support, and that he had accepted merely to defeat you. It was a shrewd political move; for it required only a little quiet work among lukewarm friends of yours to turn enough against you to insure Robert's election. Then, when you went away, vague rumors and assertions spread and became more and more definite. Your enemies became emboldened by your absence and openly charged you with dishonor, and appealed to your absence as proof of the charges."

"And would the people of Norton believe these slanders?" he asked in astonishment.

"We resisted the rumors as well as we could. But our denials were met with stronger and stronger proofs, including one

letter signed by you, bearing on the compact between you and Bartholomew."

"I signed no paper, I made no bargains, no agreements!" he exclaimed. "Who has done these wrongs? I'll find out if I have to traverse half the world; and when I do—"

She placed her hand protestingly on his arm, and the bitterness left him and he said, "Pardon me, Edith. I am saying too much."

She said nothing, but her thoughts were busy. Who but her husband had profited by the forgeries? Who else would have a motive for the deception? Her conviction deepened that he was double-dyed with guilt, and she was disconsolate.

By this time they had made their way to the camp. Here all was confusion. Most of the able-bodied men, including Bailey, were away reconnoitering when the Indians surprised the camp and the child was stolen. In the confusion following the attack the mother had rushed away, unnoticed, in a wild search for her child. The Indians had scattered, one of them going directly toward camp with the child, while the others, for decoy purposes, had gone the other way.

When the father returned, and heard of the loss of wife and child, he immediately started out with a companion to search for them, and had not returned. No more men could be spared from the little party, for fear of another attack; and Dayton volunteered to go out in search of the men.

He selected the strongest and swiftest horse the camp afforded, and trusting to his strength and skill and knowledge of the country, he started on his perilous expedition. Edith stood watching him until he disappeared; and then turned wearily into the little tent to care for the child. And in her inmost soul she could scarcely say for whom she felt the greatest anxiety, her husband or the big, strong man whose life was suddenly joined again with hers.

V.

Gaining an idea of the general direction the men had taken, Dayton rode swiftly but cautiously after them. For four hours he rode through blinding dust which the wind, that had arisen at

sunrise, hurled about his head as if in defiance of his wish to save the wanderers. His way was impeded and his view restricted by the wind and the stinging sand; while the howling of the gale prevented him from hearing any sound that might betray the nearness of friend or foe.

It therefore happened that without the sound of the gun reaching him, a spent bullet rolled almost to his feet. He could just note the direction from which it came, and judge, with the unerring instinct of the trained frontiersman, his distance from the one firing the shot. He turned his horse in that direction.

Soon the sounds of firing and the shouts of combatants reached him, and he knew that a battle was on. Spurring his horse to a gallop, he dashed into the midst of the fray, to the utter surprise of white men and Indians alike. The two men were desperately struggling against half a dozen Indians, and losing ground every minute.

As Dayton came up, one white man fell. Seeing the uselessness of the slaughter, he fired point blank into the faces of the nearest Indians; and before they could recover from their surprise he seized the one survivor, lifted him into the saddle in front of him, and dashed away in the direction from which he had come. The wind, which had been such an annoyance to him, served him now in two ways: it prevented the pursuing Indians from getting a good aim, and it also indicated the direction he must take to get back to camp.

As the rescued man turned to see if the Indians were following, he caught sight of the other's face. "Is this Will Dayton?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Rob Bailey," Dayton answered.

"Have you seen my wife?" Bailey asked.

"Yes, and talked with her," he answered. "She and the child are safe in camp."

He said nothing of the way in which their safety had been secured. He only urged the horse the more, to save the life of the man who he believed had robbed him of all that would have made his own life worth while. And so they rode on, until the horse panted with the torture of his work, and could carry his double burden no longer. They both dismounted; and while the

horse browsed in the short grass, the two men stood face to face for the first time in seven years. Bailey was the first to speak.

"We stand in the face of death, Will," said he, "and there is no use wasting words. What has passed between you and Edith?"

"She can tell you that," was Dayton's answer. "We have no time for discussion. There is one thing I must know before you are unable to speak, or I to hear. Who wrote this note?"

He held out the battered paper. Bailey gazed at it with astonishment, but without a sign of recognition.

"I never saw it before," he said.

"I believe you are telling the truth," Dayton answered. "This is no time for falsifying. That horse cannot run with both of us a hundred yards. When he has rested a few minutes longer he can take up one of us and carry him into camp. I know which one of us that will be. The other may never reach the camp alive. In those few minutes I must ask two questions, and I charge you, as one of us is standing on the threshold of eternity, that you tell the truth. First, how was I defeated? Second, why did you come west?"

"I would rather lose my life than miss the opportunity of answering those two questions," Bailey answered. "And yet I could not have answered them until now, because I did not know the whole truth before. The man who was killed by the Indians today knew all about it. He told me the truth and handed me this written statement just before we met the Indians," and he gave to Dayton a piece of paper, roughly scrawled with pencil.

Before another word could pass, the noise of the pursuing Indians reached them. Instantly Dayton sprang to the horse, led it to Bailey's side, and before the startled man could think, much less resist, he lifted him on the horse, took off the bridle, and gave the animal a blow that sent it flying toward the camp. Then, seizing his rifle, Dayton slipped into a small ravine, behind a clump of underbrush, and awaited inevitable death.

The Indians surrounded him and a fusilade of arrows commenced. He scarcely knew how long he was under fire, when he felt a stinging pain in his side, and became unconscious.

When he regained consciousness, he was in the emigrant

camp, and Edith and her husband were bending over him with tenderest solicitude. They had applied such restoratives as were at hand, and Dayton, whom a rescuing party had dragged from the brink of the grave, opened his eyes and smiled faintly into the faces of his friends.

"Thank God, you are safe!" they exclaimed in one breath.

"But I'm dying," he replied.

"Don't say that, Will," said Bailey, while his wife looked her sympathy. "We want you to live and get redress for the wrongs you have suffered."

Dayton smiled and shook his head. "It's too late," said he. Then, taking the paper from his pocket, he handed it to Edith and said, "Read this to me."

Wonderingly she took the paper from his hand and read:

I, Henry Peters, do hereby declare that, under strong pressure, I was induced, by enemies of William Dayton, to commit two forgeries in connection with the election of Robert Bailey. Under this influence I also invented the story of Dayton's bargain with John Bartholomew. Bartholomew, I knew, would not dare deny the story, because he was in the power of Dayton's opponents. Bailey had nothing to do with these things; and when he found, after four years of faithful service, by what foul means he had been elected, he resigned his seat. Unable to endure the stigma and shame, he gave up all he had in Norton, to make partial amends, and came west. Then remorse seized me, and I followed him, determined to tell the whole truth. But I had not courage to do so until I found myself face to face with death. I write this paper with my own hands, and thus make tardy amends; and may God have mercy upon my soul!

The dying man gazed happily into the faces of the husband and wife, from which the shadow of years was lifted.

"I saved Rob for you," he said to Edith, "when I thought he had done me the greatest wrong. I leave him to you and to the happiness that will be yours, knowing him to be entirely worthy of you. God bless you both."

And so he died. They placed him in a grave altogether too lonely and shallow and rude for the great body and big heart and tender soul of the man. And before they returned to fortune and happiness at the old Norton home, they placed a stone on the

grave with the inscription, "Greater love hath no man than that he will give his life for his friend."

In Memory of Samuel W. Richards.

(Born Aug. 19, 1824; died Nov. 26, 1909.)

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Dead? dead? nay, say not so,
The good, the beautiful can never die;
The flowers may fade, and, drooping fall asleep,
But they shall bloom anew some fairer day;
The oak may fall and mingle with the dust,
But "what has been shall surely be again."

And to be good was this man's greatest aim;
Behold, great trials trodden under foot;
Ambitions flung aside as bubbles on the air;
All worldly honor, love and dazzling wealth
Counted as dross, entombed in one desire
Which mantled him in sheen of righteousness.

All heights, all bounds were circumscribed by this;
Within its circle possibilities
Which few men dream of thrilled his mortal life:
"But to be good," what meaning anchors there?
A trusted son, a faithful minister
Of God's immortal plan; ambassador
To kindreds, tongues and peoples; patriarch
Of countless generations, with the key
To endless lives and vast eternities
Within his grasp, and power to overcome
The fiendish host whose snares were set for him;
To conquer pain and burst the earth-bound tomb,
And, rising, *live* where more inspiring dreams
And e'er increasing splendors lure him on.

RUTH MAY FOX.

"All around the dear old homestead lyin' there among the hills."



MY HOME AMONG THE HILLS.

In the fragrant, scented summer, when the evenin' breezes blow,
An' the visions of the home-land to my mem'ry come and go,
Then in dreams I see the mountains, an' the river clear and cool
A dashin' and a dancin' through the deep, blue swimmin' pool;
An' I hear the red-winged pecker, jist a peekin' all day long,
An' the swayin', swishin' willers, low an' sweet as any song;—
I can hear the robin's warble, an' the meadow lark's sweet thrills,
All around the dear old homestead lyin' there among the hills.

The fine old castle's made of logs, an' the roof is rather low,
But I think it's nearer heaven than the highest roof I know;
The rooms were not so plentiful, but it used to seem to me
There was allus room for strangers; where we put 'em I can't see!



"There was allus room for strangers."

"Now, the Wasatch foothill-country's only with me in my dreams."



I never knew the dear home-scenes were really half so fair,
An' that kind nature's masterpiece was spread out before me there,
'Till I saw no more the birches standin' guard along the rills,
An' I heard no more their whispers as they watched among the hills.

The nights were cool an' quiet, an' my sleep was sweet an' long,
For the creek kept up it's dronin', soft an' low as mother's song,
But the dawn would find me risin' when the dew was on the flowers,
An' the air was sweet as honey in the airy mornin' hours.
Now, the Wasatch foothill-country's only with me in my dreams;
An' no more I hear the murmur of the crystal mountain streams;
But the roses in the bushes, hidin' there from greedy bills,
I know are a noddin' to me, from my home among the hills.

There's my mother, fond and lovin', with her hair all streaked with gray,
An' I know she's ever prayin' for her son so far away;
An' my father's proudly thinkin' of the man he thinks I'll be,
When I've learned my little lesson over here across the sea.
There are others waitin' for me—sisters, brothers an' the rest,
An' their high-flown expectations make me do my level best.
There's another, not a sweetheart, all my dreams her dear face fills,
An' for me her pure, sweet presence makes a heaven of the hills.

Belfast, Ireland.

H. R. MERRILL.



"There are others waitin' for me—sisters, brothers an' the rest."

The Martyr.

BY ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON.

I.—The King's Council.

“What now, Amulon? Why so gloomy? Upon my word, you have not smiled for a week,” and King Noah affectionately slapped his favorite's shoulder.

“I'll warrant me it's a woman,” continued the king, when the other vouchsafed no reply, “for nothing else would move you.”

“And what if it were?” answered the other moodily. “Would talking about it mend matters?”

“There is only one cure for a broken heart,” and Noah wagged his head sagely.

“And that is—?”

“Another love?”

“H'm.”

“Among the thousand women of the court, are there not maids that please you? Women of all types grace the gardens of the city of Lehi-Nephi. Would you have a rose, a violet, a magnolia, a lily, a passion flower or a tulip? Pluck it.” And he nodded toward the court of the women.

“Need I remind thee, O King, who art the prince of love, that when a man wants one woman—”

The king threw back his head and laughed until his fat sides shook.

“And who is the lady that dares withstand the bold Amulon?”

The king's face displayed the first interest it had worn that

day, as he lolled on the crimson cushions that extended before his golden throne. He and his priests sat in the Hall of the Ambassadors, adjoining the great stone amphitheatre used for large assemblies. The hall where the king held his court was richly beautiful with its tiled floor, its ivory-tinted walls and the great gilded chairs of the thirty priests who constituted the king's council. All morning they had been attending to affairs of state, dealing principally with taxes, for the dissolute king maintained his magnificence with one-fifth of his people's produce.

The moment was propitious and Amulon hastened to explain. "The maid, O King, is Zara, the daughter of Gideon, who opposes my suit."

"What, do you court the father? Make good with the girl."

"I cannot. She will have none of me."

For Amulon, who owed his title of favorite to his intrepidity and unscrupulousness, to acknowledge himself beaten was highly amusing.

"The girl has been a companion to her father and has imbibed his notions," her lover continued. "If she were moved into another atmosphere she might change her mind. Association with the gracious Princess Otalitza would certainly mend her manners."

"So you want—"

"Her brought to the palace."

The king scowled. "Amulon, I can deny you nothing. Let the girl be brought. But look you," he added quickly, "she is to be in the train of the princess. Hands off, for awhile, you understand. Her father is a good soldier, and might cause trouble."

"You will send your orders?" said Amulon, following up his advantage.

"The palanquin shall fetch her today."

Both men looked up. Noises of turmoil and commotion came from the doorway. Half a dozen soldiers, dragging a limp figure, burst into the room. They were followed by a howling mob that shouted, "Away with him! Down with the prophet!"

As they hauled the man over before the dais, the twenty odd priests leaned forward with interest, while one exclaimed, "It is the Prophet Abinadi!"

"Aye, Abinadi, whom I found in the plaza reviling thee, O king," exclaimed Himni, a priest, from the mob.

Noah looked down upon a tall man with straggling gray hair. In spite of his manacled hands, the buffetings of the soldiers and the jeers of the multitude, his thin lips curved in a scornful smile and his defiant face showed no sign of fear.

"What are the charges?" asked the king.

"He promises bondage and dire calamities to the people, and thy life, O King, he says, will be as a garment in a flame of fire. Who is this man that he should judge thee?"

The great, purple veins stood out on the king's forehead, and he exclaimed angrily, "Take him to prison!"

The priests crowded up expectantly, for though Noah was not loved, yet he was feared; but Omner petitioned, "Let us question this pretender that we may confound him."

"Yes, surely, the Lord must confide all wisdom to his prophets," scoffed Nehor.

So they plied him with questions, and to their astonishment he answered them boldly. "Why do you, the priests of the Lord, who are supposed to teach the people, ask these things of me? You cannot teach what you do not practice. You are wine-bibbers and revelers. You set the example of sensuousness and law-breaking, and seek not the kingdom of heaven, but the riches of the world."

The king turned wearily. "Away with this fellow," he said, "and slay him, for he is mad."

"Touch me not," commanded the prophet, "until I have delivered my message; then do with me as you will."

He spoke with such dignity and authority that they listened while he preached with the power of God. He dwelt on the law of Moses, then, a wondrous light illumining his face, he told them about the Messiah. How a new star should appear in the heavens and there should be continuous light for the space of three days, while far across the seas a child should be born in poverty, of a lowly virgin, and he should be the Son of God. The child should grow to be a man, despised and rejected of men. A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who would suffer himself to be mocked and scourged, and cast out and disowned by his people.

And after working many mighty miracles among the children of men, he would be crucified and slain. Thus would the spirit triumph over the flesh and he should bring to pass the resurrection of the dead.

"And where will you be, you priest of Satan, on that day?" he cried, working himself into a frenzy. "I tell you that the wicked shall have cause to howl, and weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth!"

Then he launched into such a fierce denunciation of the court, that the priests looked at each other aghast, and the king turned a sickly green. Abinadi lashed himself into a fury as he pictured the torments of the wicked, until his body swayed with the power of his imaginings. Calming himself, finally, he commanded: "Repent ye, teach the law of Moses, also teach that it is a shadow of those things which are to come. Teach them that redemption cometh through Christ, the Lord, who is the very Eternal Father." He ceased speaking.

"Take him away and put him to death."

Then Alma, the sweet-spirited one among the priests, young, but wise in council, stepped forward, the sunlight glinting on his fair hair.

"This man has spoken the truth, and when, in all the reign of the just Noah, was a man put to death for speaking the truth?"

"He said that the king's life should be as a garment in a hot furnace," cried Himni vindictively.

Amulon, who hated Alma for reasons of his own, smiled as he mockingly exclaimed, "What! has the gentle Alma turned prophet? Presently we shall have a pair of them."

The king motioned for the guards to remove the prisoner, and turning on his heel he leaned affectionately on the arm of Amulon and passed out, leaving Alma biting his lips with vexation and choking with humiliation.

II.—The Revel.

A solitary figure crossed the court on the pyramid, where the cluster of state buildings was located. Although he went toward the palace, he lagged like an unwelcome guest at a feast. The night was not cold but he shivered and wrapped his cloak around him.

Behind him lay the great stone amphitheatre, with its tier after tier of seats, vaulted by the starlit sky. To the north loomed the great temple, surmounted by its tower. The somber blackness was relieved only by the sacred fire that burned on top. Ahead of him reposed the royal palace, resplendent as a jewel in its setting of perfumed gardens. Sounds of music and revelry issued from the casement, and the guest stopped to take a deep breath of the sweet night air before he plunged into the hot-house brilliance beyond.

As he entered the great banquet hall, many eyes turned that way. Alma had thrown off his cloak, displaying a purple tunic that enhanced the gold of his hair and the blue of his eyes. His short robe was caught in at the waist by a girdle of sapphires, and his lower limbs were bare save for the thongs of buckskin, extending from his sandals, which were strapped around them. It was not the beauty of the graceful young cavalier that attracted attention, but the whisper had gone forth that he was out of favor at court. That was what had brought him there to face it out, to show he was not afraid. For the most part, the guests whose brains were not addled with wine were absorbed in their own affairs, for the hour was late and the diners at the banquet table, which was heavy with its gold and silver service, were on the last course. It consisted of dainty dishes of snow, brought on the backs of men from the distant volcano, delicately flavored with the grated rind of limes. Goblets brimming with odoriferous wines were constantly being refilled, but the real revelry was just begun. Before morning the great jars that stood on the buffet, that extended all around the great banquet room, would be overturned and emptied. Beside them were baskets laden with fruit—the gold of the tropics—bunches of purple grapes, pomegranates, tunas, oranges, pineapples, bananas, achuacates (the butter that grows on trees) and wild plums.

Above these, on the wall, was a fresco of naiads, while the magnificent ceiling was of green and gold. Oh, he had an eye for beauty, had King Noah!—too much for his good. A crowd of musicians played barbaric music, a troupe of acrobats performed in an ante room, while from the corridor came peals of laughter.

Alma ran his eye along the table. The king leered into the face of the ever-present Amulon, while on his left the buffoon, Omo, discoursed coarse jests. Suddenly Alma's heart stood still and then sickened. Could that be Zara, the daughter of Gideon, in the party of the princess? Yes, it was Zara, looking more radiant than ever. What was she doing in the palace of the king? From the shadow of the curtains he watched her with troubled eyes. A smile played on her expressive face and her eyes were bright with excitement. He waited impatiently until they rose from the table, but before he could get to her she was gone.

A few minutes later she appeared with the dancers. How beautiful she looked, cream robed, with golden orchids in her hair! The intoxication of the dance set his blood to throbbing, but he noticed with rising resentment that he was not the only one interested in the new beauty. Alma wandered around the hall shunned by all, for it is not wise to flatter the one on whom the king frowns. He watched his chance, then went to speak to Zara. She rose to meet him, and there was genuine pleasure in her tone.

"Why, Alma, I've been looking for you so long."

"Is that what brought you here, my lady?" he asked tensely.

"It was the king's palanquin that brought me here," she answered archly.

His brows lowered. "Perhaps the same conveyance will carry you back?"

"Perhaps."

"Zara, I don't like to see you here."

"Why not? It is glorious! I love the magnificence of the court. It is breath to my nostrils. I have never lived before."

"Your eyes are blinded by the gilded surface and you do not see the rottenness beneath. When you know it as well as I—" and he laughed bitterly. "I cannot understand," he added soberly, "how your father allows you here, when he objected to me simply because I belonged to the court, though I hate everything that is connected with it."

"My father—you might know—he did not send me here. I came by the order of the king."

Alma looked startled. "Do you know what for?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "No one asks his reasons of the king."

"Yes, but there is a reason. You had better go away from here, my lady. This is no place for you."

"I cannot," she said simply. "Besides, I tell you, Alma, it is not the place, but the person. A pure-minded person can be good anywhere, the evil always find means to sate their appetites."

"No one is safe in the palace; you must go away."

"If I should leave, what then? I should be brought back again. You are satiated with all this. It opens a new world to me. I intend to see it," she cried, almost angrily.

She turned to talk to some young bloods, who were hovering around her, and Alma was dismissed. Realizing his failure with the girl, he turned his steps toward the king. If he were not in disfavor, he might have her released. At least there was a chance to find out why she was there, he argued.

He approached the throne, bowed, and murmured, "I have a petition to make, your majesty."

The king stared coolly past him, as if he were not there, and went on talking to Amulon, while Alma retreated, reddening to the ears, as a titter arose behind palm leaf fans. His disgrace was now complete, and he thought the next move would be assassins. "Well, Abinadi, you may have company," he muttered. He wandered aimlessly about in a daze, finally going to the gaming tables for, though he did not gamble himself, he hoped to drown his misery in the excitement of the players.

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Zara stood in the shadow of the palms at the entrance to the patio. The revel was beginning to pall on her with its grossness. True, the musicians had been replaced with others, and as she listened, the strains of "The Heavens for a Kiss" floated out to her. Many of the lights were out and what remained burned badly, but they were sufficient to display sights from which her whole soul shrank. Omo lay across the end of the table, his bull neck kinked so his heavy breathing could be heard all over the room. Omner had tipped over a wine jar, and lay on the floor with his head in a

red pool that looked like blood. Himni was pouring cold water down the neck of a servant girl, while he explained that it would make her lips red. Mulek's dominating voice rose above all others. Some callow youths were trying to sing. Nobody knew where the king was. Most of the girls had departed, and Zara, for the first time, felt lonely and scared. She wished Alma would come. She heard a footstep behind her; then a door pulled to. She listened, thinking it was he.

"So, I have found you at last, my dove!"

She uttered a startled cry and looked up to see the great form of Amulon towering over her. His eyes glowed like fires in the dark.

"Come!" he coaxed. "How these arms have ached for you!"

"Let me go!" she cried fiercely, struggling like a frightened bird in his grasp.

"Fight away, my pretty. My, how tigerish we are! I' faith, I believe that is why I love you!"

"I shall cry for help."

"Who is there to hear you?"

"I shall expose you to the king."

"He will not believe you."

"Then Alma shall intercede in my behalf."

Amulon laughed. "Alma! he is already a doomed man."

"My father shall carry my case before the king!" she cried in a panic.

"Why did the king have you brought here? To grace the train of Otalitz, when there are a hundred women fighting for the place you occupy? Why, I say, except at my request? If you spurn me, the king will claim you. Take your choice."

Seeing the hopelessness of her case, woman's wit, which has been her chief weapon since the world began, came to her rescue. She slipped up her arms and encircled his head, kissing his handsome, bruised-looking lips.

"Amulon," she whispered, "I am not a slave to be coerced. What I do, I must do of my own free will, without force."

"You are right," he said, won by her speedy capitulation.

He instantly freed her, for he was as generous as he was passionate.

"Your lips are like the desert and your brow is fevered. See, I will bath it in the fountain." She darted forward, and as he stumbled after her and fell headlong on the pavement, she did not stop to look back, but kept right on.

* * * *

The breeze that precedes the dawn was stirring when a white-robed figure stole out on the roof garden of the palace. She started back when, on turning a corner, she was confronted by a man muffled in a long cloak.

"Zara!"

"Oh, Alma, I am so glad!" and she wrung her hands in relief.

"Why are you here alone at this time?"

"I could not sleep. So many strange things have happened. And you?"

"I could not sleep, either. I searched for you, last night, but could not find you. Where did you go?"

"To the inner patio."

"With whom?"

"Amulon."

"Amulon! So, that is why you came to the palace?"

"He said as much."

"And I have ruined myself at court through espousing the cause of the Prophet Abinadi."

"So Amulon intimidated."

"Where is he?"

"Down the well, for aught I know. I fled from him, and he gave chase. He was half drunk and stumbled over the fountain curbing, but whether he pitched in or not I do not know. I never stopped to look back."

"He didn't; trust his luck for that. And you? How did you get out?"

"Why, through the court of the lions, of course."

"They might have killed you."

"So I thought; but the king's ocelots are well fed. They did not care to get up to dine off me in the middle of the night."

The rainbow colors of the dawn of the tropics illumined the sky to the east, and below, the hills were swathed in pearl gray mist. Alma breathed deep as he looked at Zara, fresh and radiant as the morning itself. The fleecy robe she had slipped on parted at the throat, her dark head was swathed in a pale blue gauze, brodered with silver stars, and not all the turmoil of the night could disguise the fact that she was young and glad to be alive. As she lifted a slender, rounded, white arm to indicate the violet and orange of the horizon, Alma caught her in his arms.

"Come with me," he whispered, "away from this wicked place. Let me teach you the principles of Abinadi. Together let us live our lives, and, as he has taught, in conformity with the will of the Lord."

"Abinadi!" she murmured. "I already believe in him, although he has taught the strange doctrine that we must return good for evil, instead of demanding an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But you must teach me, Alma," she added fearfully, "for there are many things I do not understand. And this strange doctrine of repentance, that they talk so much about—"

"The king had better take to heart," Alma finished grimly. "Would that the scales might fall from his eyes, as they have from mine!"

"He is going to put Abinadi to death?"

"So I fear."

"And you?"

"Oh, I shall take up the work where he left off. I'm afraid his mantle will fall on unworthy shoulders. I have carefully written down all his words, and I shall teach them to the people when he is gone. I consecrate my life to the work. God grant me strength and light to do it well!"

"Does Abinadi know?"

"Yes; I go now to visit him in his cell."

"Tarry a little, Sir Prophet," she commanded, running her hand through his yellow hair.

Together they watched the sun rise. The mocking birds sang riotously. The lavender flowers of the bougainvillæa drooped in the garden, while from the patio below the air came laden with the heavy odor of the blossom called "The Perfume of the Night."

The lovers did not notice that with it was mingled the scent of the ill-omened "Flower of the Dead."

III.—The Execution.

The great market place was the heart of the city. The streets, like so many arteries, emptied into its pulsating center. There all the buying and selling went on. Here was a fruit stand from which a bronze Lamanitish goddess flicked the flies. Yonder was a clothier's containing garments of chameleon dyes. There were cafes, candy stands, butcher shops, fish from the lake, venders of pottery, and makers of lace. The band played there in the afternoon, and lovers sought the shade of its arbors in the evening.

This morning something of unusual occurrence was about to happen. People were running hither and thither. There was a hushed murmur of excitement among the crowds, which were larger than on any market day. Four regiments of soldiers were stationed at the corners, while a fifth was keeping the people back from an open space in the middle of the square.

"Wherefore the crowd?" asked a countryman who had just brought his cart of vegetables to the city that morning, of a young man who was hurrying to the scene.

The other looked at him in surprise, "Why, they are going to burn the Prophet Abinadi."

"They're not going to burn him alive?"

"How do you think they'd burn him—dead?" he threw back over his shoulder, as he hurried on.

The crowd was impatient.

"Light the fire, and let us see if this false prophet is pluckily true to his convictions."

"What are they waiting for?" called another.

There was a blare of trumpets, a blast of martial music, and then the cry, "Make way for the king!"

On a palanquin, borne aloft on the shoulders of men, surmounted by a green canopy, reclined the king. As soon as he reached the place of execution he ordered the soldiers to bring forth the prisoner. When Abinadi, sustained by the heroism of

martyrdom, but very weak and trembling physically, stood before him, Noah pronounced sternly: "Abinadi, we have found an accusation against thee and thou art worthy of death; for thou hast said that God himself should come down among the children of men, and now for this cause thou shalt be put to death, unless thou wilt recall all the words thou hast spoken evil concerning me and my people."

With a hunted look in his eyes Abinadi answered: "I will not recall the words I have spoken unto you concerning this people, for they are true. I will suffer even unto death. I will not recall my words, and they shall stand as a testimony against you. And if ye slay me, ye will shed innocent blood, and this shall stand as a testimony against you at the last day."

The words touched even the callous heart of Noah, and he was half convinced. He turned to the priests.

"Shall we release him?"

"Death to Abinadi, he has reviled the king!" was the shout.

"Death to Abinadi!"

"Let his God delay the flames!"

"He says we shall all be captives to the Lamanites!"

"Down with false prophets!"

Amid the maledictions, they bound Abinadi to the stake and lighted the fagots under his feet.

As the flames licked his quivering limbs, and he writhed in agony, he looked into the faces of the terror-stricken populace and said in accents thick, "It will come to pass that ye shall be afflicted with all manner of diseases because of your iniquities. Yea, and ye shall be smitten on every hand, and shall be driven and scattered to and fro, even as a wild flock is driven by wild and ferocious beasts. And in that day ye shall be hunted, and ye shall be taken by the hand of your enemies."

As the flames mounted higher and higher, and the victim writhed in agony, a young man, with sunny hair, made his way out of the crowd. Henceforth he was the disciple of the dead prophet, and the blood of martyrdom had won its first convert in Alma.

His was not the only sick heart, for when the agonized victim looked out of his pain-dimmed eyes and said prophetically to

Noah, "Ye shall suffer, as I suffer, the pains of death by fire," the King called suddenly, "Ho, take me hence!"

IV —The Waters of Mormon.

Gloom reigned in the palace and in the heart of Zara. The death of Abinadi seemed to portend evil. Alma was condemned to death, and guards were scouting the country for him; for he had disappeared. Zara was torn with fear, for she expected daily to see him dragged there in irons. Again she thought he had been secretly murdered, and this hunting for him was a pretense.

Then a message came to her. She sent for Amulon, who came gladly, for she had locked herself up in her apartments and refused to see him for days, while he, whose will was law, chafed like a chained lion. She was peculiarly gracious, and it was with difficulty he restrained himself, for his love for this maiden, who was the first who had ever opposed him, swept him off his feet.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Amulon, as always," she began.

"Which is already granted, if it lies within my power, princess."

"Ever am I more indebted to you."

"What is my lady's latest caprice?"

"You know I am virtually a prisoner here. All of the palace is mine, but the bird is none the less barred because the cage is gilded. An aged aunt of mine is dying, and she has sent for me to soothe her last hours. I would go to her bedside. Will you not ask the king's permission that I may go?"

Amulon was touched by her earnestness, for ever are strong men weakest through their strength.

"Go, Zara, and I will be responsible to the king." He stepped to the door and summoned Mulek. "Do you accompany this lady wherever she goes. See that no harm approaches, and return her in safety to the palace."

Mulek bowed and retreated.

Zara sallied out accompanied by the giant soldier Mulek. They made their way to a large house with a stone front. They

entered, and passed through corridor after corridor, until they came to the one that led to the death chamber.

"You will wait here for me, Mulek?"

"The Lord Amulon said I was not to let you out of my sight."

"But you can't go in there when she is dying!"

"I go where you do," he answered doggedly.

She was in despair. But everyone has his vulnerable point. She began to plead with him, using all her art, but he only shook his head. She tore a heavy gold chain from her neck. Three great emeralds hung pendant from it. The bauble was worth a fortune. She thrust it into his hand, saying imperiously, "Wait here, I will soon be back."

Before he could recover himself she was gone. His first impulse was to follow her, but he distinguished the sound of a woman's voice, and it deterred him.

The giant waited a long time. He paced restlessly around the room. When the afternoon sun faded into evening he grew alarmed. He rang a bell, which no one answered. He walked through the deserted halls. He came back and went to the room of the sick woman. There was no couch there, and a new light broke in on him. He ran through the house, shouting. A Lamanitish woman, a servant, confronted him.

"Where is Zara, the daughter of Gideon?" he fairly shouted.

She eyed him calmly. "I know of no such woman."

"I brought her here," he reiterated.

"She is not here," she repeated.

He rushed through the house, but found no trace of her whom he sought. His first impulse was to flee and escape the anger of Amulon. But on second thought he decided that would look as if he had connived at her escape. If he reported at once, she might yet be found. He started on a run back to the palace.

When he presented himself before Amulon, a sweating, palpitating, trembling wretch, the courtier gave him one look and then roared, "Where is the girl?"

"Alas, I know not!" wailed the other. "I turned, M'lord, and she was gone. Some power of magic—" he dodged a heavy bronze vase that Amulon, in his rage, hurled at his head. It crashed into the door beyond and splintered it.

The chief priest clapped his hands. Slaves appeared.

"Take him," he commanded. "Let him be lashed. Send soldiers to search the house of Zeezrom, and arrest every one you find there."

All night Amulon paced the palace, and all night rose the shrieks of Mulek, lashed to the whipping post.

In the meantime Zara was being borne through tall hedges of organ cactus on the outskirts of the city. Through fields of maguey—the large century plant—until they reached the prairie where the mesquite grew, they continued.

Beyond, palm trees were gracefully silhouetted against the sky. Plantains rattled in the wind. As they neared the oasis, they felt the dread stillness of the tropic jungle, for the night was coming on. The rich velvet of the sward was flecked with the wild tulip, and long mosses cast black shadows in a pool as clear and deep as a woman's eyes.

Such were the Waters of Mormon, where Alma, the sweet-spirited, baptized believers and taught the gospel of the Savior, thus carrying on the work of Abinadi.

When the slaves stopped, and Alma saw that the white palanquin bore a woman, he came forward. Zara slipped lightly out, without assistance, and ran to meet him.

"Zara!" he exclaimed.

"It is I, Alma." Then she continued breathlessly, "They have located you. The sentence of death hangs over you and your followers. You must flee quickly."

"How did you find out?"

"Ever since you went away I have lived on the name of Alma. Every breath that concerned you my intuition has ferreted out. The armies of the king have orders to march against you now, for the king fears the stronghold you are gaining among the people."

"And you came to tell me this! If they knew it, what would they do to you?"

"I don't know; I'm not going back to find out."

"Not going back?"

"No; I'm going with you—if you will let me."

"Let you, Zara!" A look of glad surprise broke over his face, as he took her tenderly in his arms. But amid all his joyful

exultation, there was a fear in his heart of hearts. He knew that behind his cherished one lay luxury and pleasure, and ahead of her was—the desert.

V.—The Flight.

Consternation reigned in the palace. The unsuccessful army returned, announcing the escape of Alma and four hundred and fifty of his followers. Amulon, in an angry mood, and the king had had words over the disappearance of Zara. Noah foresaw trouble with her father, and Gideon was one of his best generals. Nor was he mistaken, for along came the sturdy old soldier demanding to see his daughter. Noah explained that the girl was gone, that every effort had been made to locate her, but without avail.

Gideon did not believe it. He thought they were deceiving him. He poured execrations on their heads.

“There is only one fate that awaits a woman that steps inside your palace. Were there not enough, but my daughter must grace your court? She was of a different type, and that was why you coveted her. You have lied to me, for you have something to conceal. A father’s curse be on you!”

It was in vain that the king denied any knowledge of Zara’s whereabouts. He had been involved in so many intrigues that he was not believed when he spoke the truth.

“Curse you, but you will tell me where she is, or I will run you through!” and Gideon drew his sword. “It would be a deed of heroism to rid the Nephites of such a tyrant.”

Noah could have summoned his guards, but Gideon had challenged him as man to man. The king had been a soldier in his youth, but years of dissipation had rendered his flesh flabby and his spirit afraid.

They crossed swords and lunged at each other. A few moments and the king was breathless. Gideon so evidently had the advantage that Noah, in sheer cowardice, turned and fled. He rushed to the temple. With drawn sword Gideon followed him. Through chamber after chamber the king ran. The rooms were superb with their mosaic and metal work, but Noah did not notice any of the decorations, for after him followed grim Nemesis.

The two flying figures, one very little behind the other, reached the top of the second pyramid. Noah mounted the steps that led to the top of the tower. This was ascended by a series of ladders, and when he reached the second he kicked the first from under him. When he reached the top his face was purple, and every breath was pain. He could go no further, and he knew that his respite was short. He looked down from the dizzy height. Then he lost himself in astonishment.

"Let me down!" he screamed. "The armies of the Lamanites are upon us!"

Gideon, deeming this but a ruse, was in no wise deterred in his pursuit.

"I tell you they are spread out in battle array on the plains below! Let me down that I may save my people!" pleaded Noah.

"Save your people? you had better save your own neck," Gideon thought grimly. He went to the parapet and looked down. The king was right, there were the Lamanite phalanxes spread out upon the plain as far as the eye could see.

"Come down and save your people," he called, sheathing his sword. He himself went over and began to beat the alarum drum to call the men to arms. As the old king tottered down there was time for a new fear to supplant the other. None knew better than he how illy his kingdom was prepared for war. He had made his people lovers of pleasure. The standing army was small, and no match for the fierce Indians inured to hardship.

"Call the people together and tell them to bring their families and flee into the wilderness," he commanded. "It were folly to fight them here."

When all the people of the city were congregated, Noah, like a good leader, led the flight.

The Lamanites were not slow to discover the tactics, and started out in swift pursuit. They soon overtook the Nephites and the massacre commenced. Noah, maddened by the sight of the blood, bade the heralds command all the men to flee, for they were retarded by the women and children.

"They will not murder the women in cold blood," reasoned the valorous king, "and some of us may be saved while Gideon engages the enemy here."

Like geese that follow their leader, on the spur of the moment many of the men turned and followed the king and his priests, who were in full flight.

After they had gone some distance into the wilderness, they began to come to their senses. One commoner voiced the sentiment of the men when he said, "If our loved ones are slain, it were better that we had perished with them."

"But, at least, after striking a blow in their defense," added another.

"Let us go back and see if they are dead. And if they are,"—here the speaker looked meaningly at Noah—"we will seek revenge."

"We are a laughing stock and a bye word," said one man who prided himself on his honor.

They were all heartily ashamed of themselves, and, as is always the case under such circumstances, they sought someone on whom to lay the blame. Whereupon, when the king commanded them not to return, it brought their anger to a head. Instead of obeying him, they turned viciously upon him as the cause of all their misfortunes. They overpowered him roughly and bound him hand and foot. Amulon, who at least had the saving grace of loyalty, was the only one who drew his sword in defense of the king. He was run through the side for his pains. The other priests, for their part, seeing themselves so out-numbered, took to their heels.

Amulon, weak from loss of blood, staggered over onto a brush heap, and there they let him lie. With presence of mind, he stuffed his shirt into the wound and staunched the flow of blood. He was in a raging fever, and one of the men taking pity on him as he tossed with sleepless eyes, brought him a cup of water.

When night was well advanced, he dragged himself down to a stream and drank deep of the running water. He was conscious of the fact that no one had paid any attention to him. To attempt the escape of Noah, he knew was hopeless. He felt that the king must have help, and have it quickly. Urged on by some power beyond himself, the wounded man arose and staggered out into the jungle.

He found the priests, or rather, they found him, and Amulon,

by his old power of eloquence, rallied them and brought them back. But lo, when they arrived at the place where the Nephites had camped, they were gone, and Amulon feared that in his daze he had mistaken the place. But Himni raised a shout, and they found only too ghastly evidence of the recent presence of the Nephites. The trunk of an immense tree had been partially burned. Lashed to its side was what was left of a man, under whom a fire had been built. One of the priests walked over, and from the ashes picked out the king's signet ring. They had burned Noah to death. Thus had the prophecy of Abinadi come to pass,

"His life was as a garment in a furnace of fire."

VI.—The Abduction.

Like nomads the priests wandered into the forest, subsisting on berries and wild game. One day Omo, the voluptuary, came into camp with what for him was unusual speed. The men loafing around the camp began to jeer at him.

"I have seen such a sight—" he began.

"You must have seen something to make you run. He has seen such a sight—"

"As you would all break your necks to see."

"What have you seen?"

"Women."

"Women!" they muttered.

"Girls—young, beautiful, graceful as gazelles."

"He has been seeing visions."

"Listen. As I lay under a willow, that I might digest my dinner out of the heat of the sun, I did hear singing and laughter—"

"He was asleep and dreamed it."

"Very cautiously did I crawl out, and there I beheld fifty Lamanitish maidens—"

"Lamanites! Huh!"

"Fifty Lamanitish damsels, as I did start to say, wreathed with garlands and bedecked with golden circlets on their arms and ankles, making merry in the woods. Then they ceased from their sports and sat them down to picnic out of great hampers. They

took out such viands! Ah me, I have not tasted cooked food in a twelve month! Who knows? I might have made myself known and been made much of among so many maidens; but I forebore, and came here to acquaint you with the fact."

A shout of laughter arose. "Come on, boys," volunteered one.

"But Lamanites!"

"I care not," decided Omner. "We are outcasts among our own people, and we dare not return to Lehi-Nephi. For my part, a Lamanite maid is good enough to cook my food and live in my tepee."

"Mine, too, if she be good looking. Omner, lead out."

As gaily as a crowd of school boys on a lark, they hurried through the woods. Others joined them on their way.

After the order of primitive man did they lie in wait for, and carry off, their mates. After the first panic, the girls, when they found the white-skinned men were inclined to be wooers, were nothing loth. So the camp was doubled that night, for the fifty of Omo's imagination had dwindled to twenty four.

Also like primitive man, they fought for their mates. A dispute arose as to who should have a tall, slender girl who wore great golden shells in her black hair. She was well worth fighting for, as most of the men seemed to think, for the riot soon developed into a free-for-all fight. It threatened to turn the camp into a hospital, when Amulon, returning from the hunt, strode in and threw a buck from his shoulders.

Without more ado he threw himself into the midst of the melee and separated the opponents. As soon as the combatants saw who it was they decided to leave the decision with him.

Amulon listened to the story of the day's conquest, and patiently heard each claim. In the meantime he had casually looked the girl over. She stood with heaving bosom and scornful lips while the parley went on. She narrowed her eyes, however, and paid attention when this big, powerful man, so evidently the master, took a hand.

Finally he announced his decision, "I shall keep her myself." An ominous murmur arose.

"He struck not a blow, but he seizes the plunder."

Not a man there but knew Amulon would make his claim good, but where he was sure of his ground he could afford to be politic.

He had exchanged a meaning look with the dark-eyed beauty, so he said magnanimously, "Come, we will let the girl herself make the choice."

As soon as she understood the import of his words, she went over and stood up straight and tall by his side.

As with primitive man, the strongest had won out. So Amulon, garbed in a leopard's skin was wed to the Indian girl in the forest. He did not know until afterwards that she was Lamona, the daughter of the king of the Lamanites.

VII.—The Revenge.

At the time that he fled from the armies of King Noah, Alma had led his people to a land of pure water. There they had prospered and built the city of Helem. They lived out the principles of right as laid down by the martyred prophet. Alma taught his people the gospel of brotherly love, and he was beloved of them so much that they desired to make him their king. This he refused, saying, "Ye shall not esteem one flesh above another."

The armies of the Lamanites, who had conquered the whole country, came upon them. Alma and his brethren prayed to the Lord to save them. Then they went out and delivered themselves to the Lamanites, for they did not believe in bloodshed. The Lamanites spared them, although they made them subject to them and heaped heavy burdens on their backs.

When the daughter of King Laman and twenty-three of her companions had been abducted in the woods, the Lamanites had been much wroth and made devastating war upon the Nephites, who were already practically slaves to their hard task-masters, who forced them to pay tribute of one-half of all their substance. At the time the men had deserted the women at the instigation of Noah, the Nephites had only saved themselves by making such terms, coupled by the fact that the Nephite girls went forth and begged clemency from the dusky warriors. Touched by the beauty of the white women, the Lamanites had spared them.

“But in return ye steal our women, and carry them whither we know not,” growled King Laman. The Nephites were in despair, for they knew nothing of the affair.

Gideon came forth with the declaration, “You remember the wicked priests of King Noah whom we left wandering in the wilderness? Their minds were ever bent on mischief. Without doubt they have stolen the maidens.”

Acting on the suggestion, King Laman sent out scouts, who located the Lamanites living with their white husbands at a place called Amulon. Laman was furious, but Lamona went and threw herself at her father’s feet and pleaded so earnestly in behalf of Amulon, whom she loved, that the stern old king relented and received his big son-in-law into favor. Thence he steadily rose, until he occupied his old position of king’s favorite. Through his influence his fellow priests rose to places of honor in the kingdom. They taught the Lamanites much of the lore of the Nephites. Guided by the cunning of Amulon, the tribe became wealthier and more powerful than it had ever been before. The white husband of the king’s only daughter ranked second only to the king himself, and Laman made Amulon ruler over many cities. Now it chanced that among those over which he exercised his dominion was the newly conquered province of Helem.

Traveling with great pomp and splendor, accompanied by his dusky princess and flanked by the barbarian armies, Amulon entered the city of Helem and began to rule over the people of Alma.

Amulon was a hard taskmaster, and the Lamanites drove the people of Alma like cattle, and put heavy burdens on their backs. When they raised their voices in supplication to the Lord their guards smote them on the mouth. So the Nephites learned to pray silently, in their hearts. The Lord heard their supplications.

When Amulon learned that Zara lived in the city, he chivalrously gave orders that she and her family should be exempt from toil, but Alma preferred to go into the field and work side by side with his brethren. Zara, who was high-spirited, felt the humiliation; also she grieved for the people when she saw their miserable condition, so she pondered in her heart how she might relieve them.

She counseled with Alma and advised: "Let the people prepare for flight; let them gather together secretly their necessities, that we may go to the city of Zarahemla, for I feel that the Lord will deliver us out of the hands of our enemies."

Then she went and presented herself before Amulon. It was with mixed emotions that they beheld each other: Zara the suppliant, Amulon the arbiter, with a queenly woman by his side.

Zara began fearlessly, for she was playing for the man she loved and the pilgrims who had given up their homes that they might live in conformity with their own consciences.

"My Lord Amulon, I have come to present a petition—a petition which, knowing your generous nature, I am sure you will grant. As you are aware, there is ill feeling between your soldiers and the inhabitants, and it grieves me to behold the strife. That we may better understand one another, I have come to ask you to break bread with us—you and your court and all your soldiery. If you will honor us with your presence, we will assemble and make merry together in the great hall."

Amulon, with a queer look on his face, graciously accepted the invitation.

On the day that the Helemites feasted the soldiers of King Laman, Zara flitted among the huge wine jars, which stood in enormous numbers around. She moved from one to the other, pouring into them from a pitcher a concoction made of the sleeping herb and the juice of the poppy.

That night, when the revelry was at its height and the brains of the gluttonous soldiers were wine-clogged, they did not notice that the room was being strangely emptied of Nephites. The Lamanites were steeped in a stupor bound to hold them until the sun had long passed high noon next day.

While the brawlers lay in drugged heaps, out in the starlit night, a party of pilgrims silently took their way to Zarahemla. Zara, again facing the wilderness, fearfully clasped her boy to her bosom. The boy was Alma, the son of Alma, future high priest of Zarahemla, and forefather of the prophets that heralded the coming of the Lord.

(THE END.)

Patriarch Samuel J. Sudbury—My Friend.

BY JAMES X. ALLEN, M. D.

I hope the ERA will grant me a small space to pay my respects to my life-long, but now deceased friend, Samuel J. Sudbury.



PATRIARCH SAMUEL J. SUDBURY.

Born, England, Sept. 9, 1829; died
Dec. 28, 1909.

A short statement in the *Deseret News* emphasized his heartfelt and profound spirituality; but while all that was said of him was true, not a small fraction of his life history was even hinted at, nor do I expect to do more than give a reverent and brief epitome of his character.

I became intimately acquainted with Brother Sudbury in Sheffield, England, in 1852. He attended the meetings of the Saints and was very much interested. We became intimate friends, and when he concluded to take a wife, he honored me by choosing me as father to give away the bride. In January of 1853, we sailed from Liverpool in the ship *Golconda*, for America. We arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of the same year. That fall the greater part of the emigrants were re-baptized—it being considered that the task of driving oxen from Keokuk, Iowa, to Salt Lake City, together with

wading rivers, guarding cattle at night and cooking our food with buffalo chips, had not contributed much towards our spiritual growth. Brother Sudbury and wife did not join the Church until after their arrival in Zion. For fifty-nine years we were fast friends.

I cannot tell how proud I have always been of that friendship. Somebody has said, "On the choice of our friends our good or evil name depends." I can assure you that no man was ever the worse for the friendship of Patriarch Samuel J. Sudbury. I have verified Solomon's description of a friend:

A friend loveth always, not only in prosperity but in adversity. .

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; he is more hearty in all friendly offices. He reproves when he sees anything amiss.

Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.

Brother Sudbury's friendship never made him blind to the shortcomings of his friends; but his rebuke partook more of the character of a mother than that of a schoolmaster. It has been said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one yourself." But how often are we disappointed in those whom we befriend! The friendship of our brother was perfect, undeviating. No earthly treasure can compare with that of a trusty friend. Homer defines friendship as, "Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired." Somebody has said that "True happiness consists, not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice of them." Shakespeare makes Timon of Athens say, "I am wealthy in my friends:"

Poor old man! He had none except his faithful servant. Those old and tried friends, how dear they are to our hearts! Well may Shakespeare make the Prince of Denmark say, "Those friends thou hast and tried, grapple them to thy soul." I have, and still do thank God for the friendship of so good and noble a man as was Samuel J. Sudbury. Well may Mr. Blair say, "Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul, sweetener of life, solder of society." Some other writer thus expresses it, "Pure friendship is something which men of inferior intellect can never taste."

Samuel J. Sudbury was a man of superior intellect, exalted

spiritually, with a guileless heart. Byron also expresses himself beautifully on this same subject, "Friendship is love without its wings."

Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends. The servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you (John 15: 15, 16).

Brother Sudbury was in possession of that good spirit that partaketh of the things of God and reveals them unto men. He was a friend of God. After the disciples had proved their loyalty by faithful servitude they were admitted to the more holy communion of intimate friendship, and no man ever acquired that holy intimacy with God in any other way.

"No man who is an enemy of God can be a true friend to man;" enmity to God is enmity to the family of God.

While we were sorry to part with Brother Sudbury, there is comfort in the thought, there is one more attraction drawing our thoughts towards the great beyond. When children, parents and friends pass away, our interests here are weakened, as they are strengthened in our blessed future home.

OGDEN, UTAH.

The Mound Builders.

Mr. N. H. Winchell, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly* dwells upon the enormous antiquity in their present habitat of the Indian tribes who constructed the "mounds." The great variety of dialects, none of which are connected with those of Europe or Asia, indicates, he says, either that the present population originated from a number of successive migrations, or, which is more probable, from a continuous occupation of American soil. It is certain that the mound-builders were the ancestors of some of the existing tribes. Both the Algonkian stock in the northeastern United States and Canada, and the Siouan stock in the great plains west of the Mississippi, were mound-builders. In Minnesota the two stocks coincidentally occupied the territory, dividing it between them, at the same time, when the white man's invasion began.—*Youth's Companion*.

Dudley Bain.

BY ELLEN LEE SANDERS.

"White and colored races should never mix under any circumstances," said the old doctor, and the way in which his chin was thrust out to emphasize the remark was a plain challenge to us younger men to dispute him if we dared, and as the doctor was always interesting, even in his most radical moods, we were discretely silent. We had learned by experience that just the right amount of reticence as to our own opinion always provoked the doctor to prove his point.

"I agree with Fenimore Cooper when he put it into the mouth of an Indian chief, who had taken a white captive for a wife, that 'the fruit is not good.'" And he scanned our faces in turn aggressively.

"Born of southern parents, sent north to be educated, and rushing from the lecture room to the battle field, almost before the ink was dry on my diploma, I've had an exceedingly good chance to become familiar with all the questions of enough importance to be worth noticing."

He looked around to see if any of us fifty-year-old striplings had the temerity to doubt his word, and then proceeded to place and hammer another nail into the argument he was having all by himself.

"The direct results from having these sons of Ham among us, arose from the sin of miscegenation. It is not less in the free condition of the rascals, and it is the breeder of most of the horrors that have disgraced the archives of several of our states in recent years. Whenever I have taken the trouble to look up the

antecedents of a negro guilty of a particularly atrocious crime, I have always found white blood behind it—vicious white blood, too, for no other kind finds itself in the veins of negroes, or other dark races. And some of our worst white criminals have their blood stained with a little smut.”

We looked pleasantly interested, and the old doctor proceeded along the lines we expected.

“I have had negroes in my employ, and can get along all right with a full-blooded one, but not with the mixtures. I could relate forty modern instances to prove my point,—(my next door neighbor nudged me gently and whispered, “It’s coming!”)—but I know of a case that happened just before the war that illustrates just what I mean.”

We all came to attention.

“When I was a young fellow, home from college on a vacation I went hunting with some friends about as discreet as I was, and got lost in a swamp. When we had about made up our minds that we would spend the night in mud and water up to our knees, we struck dry ground, and on a little rise, scarcely an acre in extent, we found a cute little two-roomed house, for it was too nice to call a cabin. It was furnished for a woman, and was so new that there were no weather stains on it, and it was neat and even pretty.

“We were very glad to pass the night there, and as I was looking around for material to write a note to our unknown host, I found a lot of closely written, loose sheets of paper, and the little that I read gave me the idea that we had stumbled upon the retreat of either a mad poet or a criminal in love. So I took the papers, and we hastily left the place.

“I read them all afterward, and from other sources gathered valuable additions to what they contained, and I am going to tell it to you in true story book style.”

Dan Crawford, a Southern planter, sat on the broad, shaded veranda of his inviting old Southern mansion, and expressed in every line of his comfortable, rotund body that he was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. He mopped the perspiration from his forehead, chewed his cigar instead of smoking it, pulled at his

forelock and buttoned his two-colored linen coat with nervous hands.

The dog, wise to his master's ways, slunk off and eyed him with apprehension.

Oh, he was aware that he had a terrible temper, and had flattered himself that he was always master of it; but today it had slipped its leash, and while it ruled him he had done some very regrettable work, and his regret was not unmixed with apprehension.

Fear was a word he would not tolerate, even in his private cogitations, still, there had been something positively menacing in the cool, defiant spirit that had looked out of the eyes of the slave he had whipped; whipped brutally, without conquering; whipped till shame paralyzed his arms as anger cooled, and he felt himself to be both a coward and a brute.

Whatever may have been said or sung, written or romanced about, it was never a common thing in the South for a slave to be severely punished. Who but a fool would willfully deface a costly painting, break a rare vase, or perform any other act of vandalism on his own property? A thousand dollar horse is not often abused or beaten except by a mad man, and a negro slave—a man in the prime of life, and of a good disposition, was worth a thousand dollars. Marks of the lash on his back lessened his value one half, as testifying to an ugly disposition.

An unruly, dissatisfied slave was a dread to all slave owners. Insolence and insubordination is epidemic, and the slave owner made haste to part with a slave as soon as this spirit made itself manifest, as the easiest and surest method of dealing with insubordination.

Dan Crawford picked up his hat as if to go, thought better of the impulse, and settled himself in his chair again, but the dog watching his master through one half-closed eye did not yet attempt to approach him. The perspiration that trickled from the planter's face was not caused entirely by the warm weather, nor yet by the violent and unusual exercise he had been taking. He was suffering mental disturbances that were hard for a person of his placid temperament to bear. He tried to banish the theme of his worry, but he could not get rid of it, and as the slave's word

and manner came back to him, a flood of hot, angry blood, crimson with shame, surged over neck and face, till he looked capable of repeating the beating he had been regretting.

Dan Crawford was a bachelor of forty, and owned a large plantation and many slaves. A "Sir Galihad" in character, who had considered the only course possible to a Southern gentleman, when the lady he loved died, was to mourn for her all his days. So he had given his strength and energy to his estate, keeping bachelor's hall, till even the memory of the Southern flower he had loved and lost had faded to a fragrant shadow, so faint that it took an effort to recall her face.

His house had been kept in pretty good order by a colored woman, who had been trained by his mother; and thus, as his mind traveled over the details of his domestic life, he thought again of the negro he had whipped,—Dudley Bain, body servant, private secretary, slave, but not—no, no, not the other thing the wretch had dared to name! And even the planter's softly uttered *r*'s, and habitual languid drawl did not destroy the force of his half muttered remarks, and the dog withdrew himself yet further into the shrubbery, and went to sleep.

As usual he and Dudley Bain had been in the office together, and the master had been dictating and outlining letters to his secretary, going over some accounts, and estimating the probable cost of improvements Mr. Crawford contemplated making before his niece should come to make her home with him.

It had pleased Dan Crawford to educate Dudley Bain till he could fill this position, in defiance of the strong prejudice in the South against educating negroes. He had found the lad bright, intelligent, industrious and trustworthy, and withal of a most docile and affectionate disposition; at times the master so far forgot moiety of negro blood in the lad as to treat him almost as a man, consulting him in such matters as were now under consideration—the renovating and decorating of the old mansion for its new mistress.

When the morning's work was finished, Bain put his papers together preparatory to going to his own room, there to complete the work laid out. He paused with the papers in his hands,

looked his master in the face irresolutely, turned pale, and turned hastily as though to quit the room.

These signs of emotion did not escape the observation of the easy-going master. He had always had a special liking for the bright lad of twenty, whose mother had been a very white mulatto from the Bain plantation, forty miles away. The mother had been bought at a bankrupt sale, for her many good qualities, to act as maid to Mr. Crawford's mother. The woman had died when Dudley was hardly more than a day old, leaving the helpless infant dependent on the kindness of Madam Crawford.

For want of something better to do, perhaps, the good lady had taken care of the orphan herself; and, finding him particularly bright, had taught him to read and write; and when she knew that death was upon her, ten years later, had commended him to her son, and begged, in terms little short of commands, that the boy should never be sent into the fields to work among the negroes.

"Because he is not strong enough for such work," she had said, but really it was because the white blood so predominated in Dudley Bain that Madam Crawford had felt that to treat him as a negro would be little short of a crime.

His parentage was no secret to the noble woman who had protected his tender years. She knew that her pretty mulatto maid had fallen an easy victim to the blandishments of a peddler of cheap finery and "pinch-beck" jewelry. The girl had loved him with the wild abandon of her race, and when he did not return and redeem his promises, had grieved herself into a state of health that was the real cause of her death.

The doctors, of course, had learnedly and pompously talked of "depleted vitality," etc., "resulting in heart failure;" but Mrs. Crawford, being a woman, knew that it was just a plain case of "heart-break," etc., "resulting in not caring to live."

So it had pleased the son of this benevolent old lady to make a private secretary of his mother's protege, and the arrangement had proven entirely satisfactory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

X.—George Reed, the Cauliflower King.

THE OLD RECIPE FOR MAKING A SUCCESSFUL MAN STILL THE BEST
—INTEREST IN YOUR WORK, ABILITY TO THINK ABOUT
IT, AND THOROUGHGOING TRUSTWORTHINESS.

George Reed is a truck-gardener. He lives in Forest Dale, a self-reliant little town that is struggling hard to keep from being gobbled up by the Greater Salt Lake. By those city folks who



GEORGE REED AND WIFE.

eat lettuce in the spring, green peas and corn in the summer, and cabbage in the autumn, his occupation is supposed to last only during the few months when Jack Frost is not hanging around, before which and after which he can have nothing to do but lie on the south side of the house counting his dollars and wondering if they

will hold out till plowing time. This, however, is a great mistake. The picture is wholly wrong. First of all, because the man is George Reed, and, being George Reed, he is not in the habit of lying about, neither on the sunny side of a building, nor anywhere

else. And, secondly, because by hard work and native intelligence, he has succeeded in making truck-gardening an all-year vocation. There is not a week during the fifty-two in the year when he does not cart vegetables to Market Row, in Salt Lake. And the story of how he does it is extremely interesting.

He was born in England fifty-one years ago—on a farm. Tilling the soil, therefore, runs in the blood with him. Besides, he probably would have chosen it as his vocation, anyhow. He had only one year's schooling, during which he learned to read, but not to write. Those were the days before compulsory education became a law in England. And then, too, the Reed family numbered twelve persons, including the parents, and every hand was necessary as soon as it could put itself to good use. Not till he was seventeen did he learn to sign his name. Since then, however, he has made up for those early deficiencies, for few men of his opportunities are better read. At fourteen he left home to seek employment. During the first few years he drove a team, he worked as a charcoal burner, he tended horses in Lord Hampton's stables, and he milked cows. But he always clung as close to Mother Earth as he could.

At twenty-three he came to Utah, a married man. For a year or two before this he had been engaged in the dairy business in his own employment. The "Mormon" missionaries came to his home; their message appealed to his naturally religious mind, and so in a couple of weeks after first seeing them he joined the Church.

Arrived in Salt Lake City, he rented less than an acre of ground in the western part of the town. Here he demonstrated to himself and to such others as cared to pay attention to what he was doing, that there was money in the soil. For by intelligent application, he picked up just one thousand dollars during the summer months from that small patch of land.

George Reed never goes about with his eyes shut. They are always wide open, seeing what they can see. And one can imagine him standing by the fence corner, overlooking that less than one acre, and the situation that confronted him. Of the two—the land and the situation—the land was by far the smaller. Anyway, it was while he stood there looking over them. He knew that he

would have to make his living off that acre. It would have to be worked for all it was worth. And this is what he did.

He decided to put the whole piece in potatoes, and two kinds of celery and cauliflower. The celery rows were five feet apart, and between the rows were potatoes. Every other row of celery was early, the rest late. After the early celery was marketed, there was plenty of earth left to heap up the late celery. The celery and potatoes occupied two-thirds of the plot.

Celery and cauliflower took up the rest of the ground. The celery rows here were ten feet apart with the cauliflower in between. This was treated as the other was.

And the net income was one thousand dollars!

George Reed, the very first year of his arrival here, was thus a producer, and not a sponge. Nor was he experienced in this sort of thing. He had never done the like before. But that was no hindrance. He had hands—and a head. And he used both. All he did was to plan first and then execute, instead of executing first and then planning. He had certain things to do, he had certain conditions to do them under, and so he took the shortest way he could find. And that is all.

At Farmer's Ward he did the same kind of work, and in much the same way. But poor health hampered him in his efforts. Besides, he saw the need of more land. And so he moved to Forest Dale. That was fifteen years ago.

Here he rents thirty acres. He says he could get along just as well with twenty; only he can't get just twenty; he has to take the thirty or more; and so he takes the thirty. But for garden purposes the twenty acres suffice. And so Mr. Reed may be said to cultivate a twenty acre farm.

Now, the task he has before him all the time is this: "How can I cultivate this piece of land so as to get the most out of it? What things that will grow here pay the best?" It is practically the same problem that confronts a business man, the same that confronts every man. Only not every man goes at the solution of his problem in this philosophical way.

First of all, the ground has to be taken care of. Mr. Reed plows it twice, once in the fall and again in the spring. The second plowing is not so deep as the first. He keeps the land free

from weeds. His reasoning on the matter of weeds is characteristic. Weeds, he says, take nourishment from the soil—nourishment that is needed by decent plants. Hence they must be kept down. And the sooner they are disposed of the better. The growing plants, too, must be cultivated. Most people, he thinks, use too much water. If the plants are cultivated every ten days, they can do with comparatively little water. And then when they are irrigated the thing must be done judiciously. Mr. Reed irrigates by a sort of instinct. A man ought to feel, he says, whether the water should run fast through the rows or slowly and long. You can't guess at these things.

Mr. Reed has a good word also on the question of seed. Some buy the cheapest they can get. So does Mr. Reed, for that matter. But his idea of cheapness is different from most people's. "I can get cauliflower seed for six dollars a pound," he told me, "but I wouldn't plant it. All my cauliflower seed costs me forty-four dollars a pound." There is a great difference between six dollars and forty-four dollars. But there is a vastly greater difference between the crops they respectively produce, so Mr. Reed says. Forty-four dollars thus proves a smaller outlay than six dollars. Which is perfectly obvious.

Considerable thought, too, must be given to the matter of what to plant. Mr. Reed plows up, in September, some land that has been in cabbage and cauliflower and sows it in spinach. This is ready for the market in March. The yield of this sort of garden truck is out of all proportion to the labor required to produce it. "I can plow and harrow and sow in the fall enough spinach in two hours and a half, at most, to bring me sixty dollars. Of course there is the work of cutting it for market. This would, perhaps, require, all told, two or three hours more labor." It is, therefore, a paying business to raise spinach. Let us say, then, that work proper begins with spinach in March.

The next articles ready for the market are onions, lettuce, and parsley. These all have been planted in the fall. After this comes spinach again—spinach that has been planted in the spring—and spring lettuce and onions and parsley. Next come early cabbage and early cauliflower, then late cabbage and cauliflower. Celery and turnips (late), carrots and parsnips and beets

next have their turn. This brings us to the fall, when cauliflower is put upon the market.

It is cauliflower that prolongs the marketing season for Mr. Reed. This is his largest crop. And it is this crop that has made him a king in Market Row. He has a way of maturing late cauliflower and preserving it through the winter. He got the secret in a course given in the University of Experience. He had the graciousness to tell me what it was, but I promised neither to give it away in the ERA, nor to use it myself. And so, if the readers of this article are curious to know what it is, they will have to get it direct from him. Formerly, he told me, he lost all the cauliflower that did not mature before the frost and hard weather. But he has wrested from Nature this secret, by which he can actually mature this late cauliflower, and by which he has profited several thousand dollars. Cauliflower, as I have said, carries him to market from the time parsnips and beets are sold till it is time for spinach again.

Mr. Reed must be a good bargainer, moreover, for he tells me that he has never had any trouble to sell his products. I know others that do have trouble. Without meaning to throw out insinuations against any other market gardeners, I must drop a hint or two as to how Mr. Reed has succeeded in disposing of his products. In the first place, he takes great pains to have only the best for sale. This goes a long way towards finding a market. If I may be forgiven a personalism, I may set down here the extreme delight with which I partook of a delicious morsel of asparagus that came to our house once, (only once!) and the all but overwhelming desire I had to hunt up the man who could grow such choice vegetables. When he raised celery and potatoes on that acre plot on Eighth West street, the merchants on Market Row were so eager for the celery that they were willing to come to his place and dig it up—which some of them did. That is the first point—to have good things to sell. And the second point is to possess plain, everyday, common, Christian honesty! When Mr. Reed tells them, up there on Market Row, that he has such-and-such articles, of such-and-such quality, the merchants have learned to feel as sure that they are what he says they are, as if they were looking at them with their eyes. And this is a great

point in these days when you have to run to your wit's end for a thousand tests by which to know that you are not being cheated. There is no doctoring up vegetables to deceive the sharpest.

And here are two more hints: Mr. Reed understands men—he studies character. “You know,” he slyly observed to me, “some people know what they want, and some don’t. The first class you’ve got to let alone. But the other fellows you’ve got to tell what to buy.” Most probably he got this bit of information, too, at the University of Experience. A good many persons, however, have, seemingly, never passed through this school. And then, again, he never brings home any part of his load. He studies the market price. He sells what he can of his produce at the prevailing prices—and generally that is all he has,—but rather than take any home to spoil, he sells the rest for what he can get. Whether this is good business or not, from the standpoint of those who want to keep up the price, I do not know, but it strikes me as being mighty good sense.

From all this Mr. Reed reaps an abundant harvest of dollars. Five thousand dollars is his gross income yearly, of which nearly half is cauliflower money. In his case the expenses drag down this figure somewhat. He has to rent his land and, at present, to hire his labor. But, even so, he nets between twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars every year. Many a young man, and old one, too, wearing a pencil behind his ear, or perched on a stool by a high desk, or thumping away on a typewriter, or hanging around waiting for something to turn up, would not be the worse off for a wage like this, let alone having the freedom of the open air.

But it requires brains to do this. There is no doubt about that. Some people think—usually those who would be hard put to it to tell a cow from a sheep, but for the blessed picture books—that a farmer has no particular use for eyes and ears and brains—only of hands. Well, some of them don’t. But they are the sort generally who do not have any particular use for success, either—never having had any. Not so with men of the Reed stamp. Such men think. They have to. They could not earn success if they didn’t. They put two and two together—and make four. And this is no small accomplishment, small as it seems.

When a plant does not do well, such a farmer must know why. Certain vegetables pay better than others. On every hand the tiller of the soil who is something other than the so-called clod-hopper, is called on to think.

"This work is very hard, though, isn't it?" I asked.

"Not very," was the reply. "Not harder than most others. To be sure the hours are long during certain seasons of the year, but the work is not hard. And then there is a variety of tasks which you don't get in very many other occupations."

And I thought of the French witticism made at the expense of our modern division of labor: "How sad it must be to think that you have never raised anything but a valve, or made anything greater than the eighteenth part of a pin!" Here is a man that can plow the ground, harrow it, fertilize it, plant it with cauliflowers—forty thousand of them—water them, cultivate them and market them—and not have a separate man to do each process.

Mr. Reed gave me the best reason for the existence of an agricultural school that I have ever heard. Anyway he brought it home straighter. "I believe in schools where they teach agriculture," he said. "I started out without any such education. Everything I have learned about the nature of soils and plants I have had to get through hard experience. Of course, I have made many mistakes in getting my information—and lost money, to boot. Now, if I had been to an agricultural college, I should have been saved both time and expense. There are certain things you simply have to know about the soil and the plants, if you get along at all. If you get these things before you begin, you can start real business early; if you don't, why you will progress slowly."

Editor's Table.

Order of the Priesthood.*

BY PRESIDENT ANTHON H. LUND.

Wherefore now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence.

He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved, shall not be counted worthy to stand. Even so. Amen. (Doc. and Cov. 107: 99-100.)

Thus saith the Lord. In these two paragraphs each one is enjoined to do his duty.

I was really pleased this morning to see this nice lot of young boys rise up as members of the Church, holding the Aaronic Priesthood. Boys, it is a good beginning. I was pleased with the remarks of Brother Cannon, and I hope you will remember them, and remember the precious words spoken by President Smith, who has shown unto us the great value of holding the priesthood. You boys may not today appreciate how valuable is the priesthood you hold. When you go out into the world on missions you will see how the people of the world honor their priests in different nations, how they look up to them, and especially if they hold high offices. Yet, let me tell you, boys, that not any of the greatest prelates in the world's religions holds the degree of priesthood that you do, for the priesthood of God has not been received by them. What they hold is man-given, but you, my young friends, and you brethren, all of you, hold a priesthood that has come from heaven

* Delivered before the Granite Stake priesthood meeting, May 28, 1910.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

and been conferred by angels to men upon the earth. When we hold the priesthood we are recognized as servants of the Most High. We hold the priesthood, his commission unto man. What manner of men ought we to be to have been honored with the priesthood—the Melchizedek priesthood, the priesthood after the order of the Son of God? You, my young friends, who hold the Aaronic priesthood, which is an appendage of the higher priesthood, will understand, by and by, more fully the value of these callings and of the authority placed upon you.

There have been more keys of the priesthood given unto this generation than to any other generation who have lived upon the earth. The apostles in ancient times held the priesthood. They traveled with the Savior himself, listened to the inspired words spoken by the Master, and were taught by him direct, but the dispensation of the fulness of times had not yet come into the world. The dispensation of Christ had a special object. The Savior came with a mission to fulfil the covenants made in the eternal councils, to redeem the world by giving his life as a sacrifice for sin, to establish his gospel among men, to teach the better and the higher law. But we are told by Paul that there was a time coming in which men would not listen to sound doctrine, and in which the Savior said, they would think they were doing God a service by killing his servants. That time did come, and the Lord in his mercy took the gospel from the earth for a time, and took the priesthood away until the time should come when the dispensation of the fulness of times should be ushered in. We are convinced that the Lord has established this great work, and that the Prophet Joseph has been hid in Christ until the time when he should perform the great mission of introducing his last and wonderful dispensation. Keys have been given unto us that were not used by, or given to, those of other dispensations. They knew about them, gave hints concerning them, but to us these keys have been given, and we have used them and are using them every day. Not only are the keys of the priesthood used for the living, but also for the dead. I have no doubt that the apostles understood the use of these keys in those days, but as that dispensation opened, the Lord saw it would not be a blessing to make it a permanent one, because the people would reject it and draw more

condemnation upon themselves; and hence, many of these things were not introduced. Temple building was not introduced in the days of the apostles. They did not build meetinghouses. They simply preached unto the men and women whom they met, and they established the great fact that Jesus had been born, that he had lived upon the earth, and performed miracles, had taught the true principles of the gospel, had suffered for all mankind, and had been crucified and was resurrected. They preached these truths and they were accepted by a great number of the people, but the majority rejected the priesthood, and the men that held the apostleship were slain and others usurped their places. The truths of the gospel had been written by the evangelists and apostles, and have come down to us through the ages, and have worked great good among men; but the great blessing of possessing the priesthood, which this body of men do possess, was not enjoyed for many hundred years.

The Catholics claim succession from Peter the Apostle through a line of bishops who resided at Rome. They further claim that as John the Revelator was still living, and did not interfere with the proceedings of these bishops, he must have acknowledged them as legitimate leaders of the Church. Now, I have used that argument in just the opposite way. John the Revelator, the beloved disciple of the Master, lived more than thirty years after the martyrdom of Peter. I have tried to show that when they claim a succession through bishops, when an apostle was living, they do not understand the order of the priesthood. If the bishop of Rome was the successor of Peter, John, who held the apostleship, would be subject to a bishop, and that never has been and never will be the order of the priesthood. John, being alive and holding the keys of the High Priesthood, was an apostle, and no bishop chosen by men could be set up to preside over him. They show their weakness in claiming a succession through bishops when the Lord had an apostle upon the earth.

Now, did the Lord acknowledge the bishop in Rome as his vicerent on the earth? I certainly claim he did not, for when he had revelations to give, and had commands to send to different branches of the Church, he did not reveal himself to the bishop in Rome, but he revealed himself to John, his beloved apostle, who was

then in banishment on the Isle of Patmos. He was the man recognized by heaven and by his Master as the one who held the keys upon the earth, and John imparted the instructions of the Lord to those branches of the Church, and he gave the members encouragement and reproof. The Lord used his servant, the apostle, years after there had been bishops appointed in Rome, in fact, after several of them had been appointed and died. He that holds the keys of the High Priesthood and presides over it will never be subjected to the presidency of a bishop, for that is not the order of that priesthood.

When you look at the organization of the priesthood, how perfect it is! That priesthood will not be taken away from the earth again nor will it be given to another people. There are people in our day who claim to get it through lineage. The Lord says that it shall not be taken from this people and given to another people. A lot of men who were too weak to follow the destinies of the Church in its poverty and its exile, have tried to establish a church for themselves, and at last got the consent of the Prophet's son to be their leader and president. What had the mass of the people done that they should forfeit the right of presidency and of having the Church amongst them? I have not heard one argument that was worth anything against our people. They say that our people did not build the temple, in the time that was allotted them, and therefore the Lord rejected them and gave the authority to others—to men who did not assist in temple building and do not build temples now. What an inconsistent, unreasonable idea and argument! The Lord has accepted this people. Just think, when the Saints knew that the temple would not be kept in their hands and that they had to leave their city, they still continued in their work until the temple was dedicated. The keys of the priesthood were bestowed in that temple, and endowments given, and the people felt blessed although they made such a great sacrifice, for they spent most of a million dollars in erecting that building, and then had to leave it. Their faith was sublime, and the Lord accepted their sacrifice.

Now brethren, let us remember these words that I read. "Let every man learn his duty," and do as the great commander Nelson said, at the beginning of the battle, "Today England expects every

man to do his duty.' So today our heavenly Father expects every man holding the priesthood to do his duty, and we must do our duties. If they are onerous, if they are sometimes hard to perform, do not let us shirk, do not let us be slothful, for, "He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand," and unless we stand to the last, the crown will not be ours.

And my dear sisters, to you also is the command that every one of you must do your duty and be diligent that you may stand, for you are called to perform most important duties, and the Lord will bless you in them. He will give you joy in them, and your work will tend just as much towards upbuilding the kingdom of God as the duties performed by our brethren. All join together in the great work of building up the kingdom of God upon the earth. God bless you all. Amen.

Messages from the Missions.

Under date of June 3, 1910, Elder Ray L. Pratt, president of the Mexican mission, writing to the *Deseret News* from Calzada de Santa Maria, Mexico, gives an incident of the goodness of the Lord towards the Latter-day Saints and his divine and protecting care over them in an epidemic of sickness. He says:

"The elders and Saints of the Chalco conference have been greatly blessed of the Lord, and miraculously preserved during the epidemic of smallpox which has raged for the last six months in Ozumba, where the elders of that conference have their headquarters, and surrounding towns. The civil register of Ozumba alone shows 700 deaths from smallpox, during the time mentioned, and although the dreaded disease has been in the home of nearly every family of Saints residing in those towns, not a single death of the Saints from the disease has been registered. And although the elders, through their ministrations to the people and Saints, have been exposed daily, none of them has contracted the disease. Some remarkable cases of healing have attended the administrations of the elders. In one case a little girl was left nearly blind as a result of the smallpox, a white film having come over the eye. She was administered to and almost instantly the film disappeared and her sight today is clear and perfect. The disease has now practically died out, for which we thank

the Lord, as we do also for preserving the Saints from death, and the elders from contagion."

J. Alma Langston, writing from Breslau, Germany, May 23, says: "This part of the German and Swiss mission is progressing very rapidly. We have a branch of about 170 members, most of them recent converts, and every month more are added. Generally there are four or five elders working in this city which has a population of about 500,000. We feel well, and wish we had more help.



ELDERS IN BRESLAU, GERMANY.

Left to right: (standing) J. Alma Langston, A. Frank Barnes, Orange Olsen; (sitting) Arthur Woolley, Orson Douglas, Harold C. Kimball.

Elder L. Montgomery of the Wisconsin conference write to *Liahona the Elders' Journal*, giving an account of a visit which he and President George E. Liljenquist made to a Miss Bashna Cornwall, who is 90 years of age, and living with her brother Newman, aged 88, and a sister, aged 83, at West Alles, Wisconsin, all of whom were neighbors and acquaintances of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It appears that she had written an article which was published in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* in which she claimed that the appearance of Halley's comet, 75 years ago, aided in the rise of "Mormonism." The writer states that notwithstanding her 90 years on earth, her memory is bright, which all the more gives weight to the story which she cheerfully gave them regarding the rise

of the Church and of the people before the Church was organized. They especially inquired as to how the Smith family was regarded in that locality by those who were not members of the Church. They give her exact words in reply:

"I have nothing to say against the Smiths. They were representative people. They were peaceful neighbors, and although not educated in book learning, no one could say they were ignorant or illiterate. Socially, they were inclined to be jovial and not wearers of 'wry faces,' as we have since heard. In personality Joseph Smith, Jr. was tall, well-proportioned, and good looking. His character was good, and one could tell at sight that he was a great man.

"The first adherents of 'Mormonism' were of the better class of people, many of whom sacrificed fortunes that they might move west with the body of the Church."

They also asked her as to what she thought of the early persecutions of the Latter-day Saints, to which she replied:

"I consider the persecution of the 'Mormons' and the burning of the Nauvoo temple cruel and inhuman acts, while the martyrdom of Joseph Smith was very much uncalled for, as his actions would warrant anything but ill treatment."

Elder William O. Beckstrom, president of the Sundsvall conference of the Swedish mission, writes to the ERA, under date of June 22: "We are an interested and happy band of workers. We held a successful spring conference in the early part of May last. Two converts were baptized. An incident as to how one of the converts came to embrace the gospel is here given:

"Two of the elders visited Hernosand, last winter, and held a public meeting on the Sunday following their arrival on Friday. A certain woman had read some Latter-day Saint literature, some years ago, giving little attention to its contents. This woman dreamed on the night of the arrival of these elders that she saw a young man in her home who pointed to her and said: 'Faith and baptism, quickly.' She awoke and pondered over the strange message received, trying to solve the meaning. Unable to forget the matter or cast it from her mind, and being desirous of learning the interpretation, she went to her priest or minister and related the dream to him. She asked him what it meant, and he answered that it was a very common thing for people to dream and that he thought there was no further significance whatever to it. The answer was very unsatisfactory to her. It appears that the woman was a Sunday school teacher in one of the churches of that city, and upon the

particular Sunday of the visit of these two elders, last May, the Spirit of the Lord moved upon her to visit the meeting of the Latter-day Saints. On entering the hall, to her astonishment, she saw the very young man whom she had seen the previous Friday night in her dreams. This increased her interest, for she had never seen nor met him before. She listened attentively to what was said by the speakers, and the following Tuesday visited the elders and asked for an explanation of the first principles of the gospel, with particular reference to faith and baptism. She studied over their replies, and sought the Lord for light, which she re-received. Two weeks later she wrote a letter stating she was ready for baptism. Her husband was opposed to her taking this step, and she therefore desired the elders to unite with her in prayer that this difficulty might be overcome. She succeeded in this, the Lord answering her petition, and was baptized at the conference as stated. Thus we see how the Lord accomplishes his purposes."

The Bondage of Debt.

"If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than five to seven thousand dollars, I have only to say that even one thousand dollars of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfil every engagement, yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged and penniless is not pleasant, but this is nothing to the horrors of bankruptcy. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant 'shinning,' and who from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieves a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in a state prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt.

"Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than all. And if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—never run into debt."—*From Recollections of a Busy Life*—Horace Greeley.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Ordinations to the Priesthood.—What language is used in ordaining to the Aaronic Priesthood?

It is customary in ordaining a person to the Aaronic Priesthood who has never held that priesthood in substance to say: "We confer upon you the Aaronic Priesthood and ordain you to the office of"—deacon, teacher, or priest, as the case may be, but when the Aaronic Priesthood has once been conferred upon a person, it is only necessary to say in ordaining him to another office in the same priesthood, "We ordain you to the office of,"—priest, teacher, or deacon, as the case may be. This same order applies to ordinations in the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Tri-Stake Priesthood Convention.—There were 1,244 members of the Priesthood quorums in attendance at the tri-stake general Priesthood Convention of the Weber, Ogden, and North Weber stakes, held in the Weber stake Academy, on Sunday, July 10. The brethren were seated according to the degree of Priesthood held, and after an hour's general exercises the assembly was separated in six departments—High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Priests, Teachers, and Deacons.

Elder David O. McKay presided. He stated that the convention was a new thing. It was, however, not an end in itself, but a means to make quorum work more effective in the stakes represented. There should be an element of brotherhood in the work of the quorums; and one of the objects was to develop this and a feeling of fraternity among the brethren, as well as to discuss plans and methods for the most effective practical and scholastic work among them.

Under Music Director Joseph Ballantyne a male chorus sang attractive music. "The Priesthood Movement" was discussed by John V. Bluth of the North Weber stake, and "The Priesthood as Teachers" was a paper given by Charles C. Richards of the Ogden stake.

Elder George F. Richards of the Quorum of Twelve expressed his delight with the great assembly, and stated that the convention may be

a precedent for others of a similar character to be held throughout the Church.

Excellent papers were given in the quorum departments by a number of the brethren who had been previously appointed for these exercises. A general discussion of the paper followed in each case. In the High Priests department, conducted by Alva Scoville, were 382 high priests, and papers were given under the following titles:

"What are the Functions that belong to the calling of a high priest in the Church and how may these be exercised?" by Wiley G. Cragun of the Weber stake High Council.

"Organization, labor and purpose of the home ministry," by Samuel G. Dye of the Ogden stake High Council; "What can a High Priest do, that he is not specially called to do, to help the work of the Lord in his ward," by Harry E. Baker of the North Weber stake High Council.

In the Seventies department, conducted by Elder Fred Foulger, Donald D. McKay of Ogden stake High Council gave a paper on "The Place and Calling of the Seventy;" "Sources of Man's Knowledge of God," by Ammon Green, Jr., of the North Weber stake, "Ancient Conception of God from Adam to Abraham," S. M. Kershaw, Weber stake.

In the Elders department, Samuel A. Blair conducted the exercises. "Place and Function of Elders' Quorums in the Church," by William D. Van Dyke, Jr., North Weber stake High Council; "How to Make Class Recitation Interesting," Charles J. Ross, Weber stake High Council; "How Elders' Efficiency may be Enhanced in Promoting the Progress of the Church," by O. M. Sanderson.

In the Priests department, Thomas A. Shreeve conducted the exercises. "The Priest, his Qualifications, Duties, and Powers," Joseph C. McFarlane of the Weber stake High Council; "The Aaronic Priesthood, Origin and History," Joseph R. Morrell, of the Ogden stake High Council; "Section 13, Doctrine and Covenants," John C. Neil, of the North Weber stake High Council.

Teachers department, Elijah A. Larkin conductor. "The Ideal Teachers' Quorum—Responsibility of Officers, Members and Instructors," Lars E. Eggertson, Ogden stake High Council; "The Careless Quorum Member and the Best Way to Reach his Heart," Alfred Dickson, North Weber stake High Council; "Methods of Training the Ordained Teacher for the Performance of Practical Duties," James R. Beus, of the Weber stake High Council.

Deacons department, George E. Butler conductor. "The Mission of the Deacons," James Skeen, North Weber stake High Council; "How can we Help Boys to Adjust Themselves to the Calling and Spirit of the

Priesthood?" James M. Barlow, Weber stake High Council; "How can We Acquire an Interest in Boy Activities?" Christian J. Jensen, Ogden stake High Council.

The convention work, it may well be predicted, will result in great good in arousing enthusiasm among the members in the various wards of the three stakes, and in giving the officers and class leaders increased zeal for their labor. The order was excellent, and the arrangements were carried out to perfection. During the class exercises remarks were made in the various divisions by Elders David O. McKay, B. H. Roberts, George F. Richards, Orson F. Whitney and others who were present. Some of the papers will be printed in the ERA later. Two general public meetings were held in the evening, one in the Stake Academy, addressed by Elder Orson F. Whitney; and the other in the Tabernacle, where Elder B. H. Roberts addressed the congregation on "Priesthood."

Sunday Refreshment Stands.—"Do the authorities of the Church approve of ice cream and refreshment stands or parlors being open and run on Sunday nights?"

The authorities of the Church are very desirous that Sunday shall be observed according to the commandments of the Lord which enjoin us to honor the Sabbath day, do no work, attend the house of worship, and do nothing except prepare our meals with singleness of heart. The 59th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, beginning with the 7th verse and ending with the 14th, is very plain and tells us how to spend the Sabbath. The promise is made to those who will keep these commandments, with cheerful hearts and countenances, that the fulness of the earth shall be theirs, and they shall have peace in this world and eternal life in the world to come. This promise should be sufficient to make every man and woman willing to obey the laws of the Lord. Furthermore, parents in Zion should teach their children the sacredness of the Sabbath day so that they will not be anxious or desirous of congregating around public places for amusement, entertainment and refreshments, or to create a disturbance to the annoyance of those who live nearby and to the public generally.

In itself, there is no harm in eating ice cream and refreshments on Sunday night, but it is what it leads to with boys and girls that makes it very undesirable. Parents who permit their ten-year-old boys, and from that to sixteen, to visit these places persistently on Sundays and to carry on in a rude and boisterous way are not doing their full duty. They are not teaching their children to observe the Sabbath day, and they are permitting them to do things that will result in evil to the children, and in heart-burnings and distress to themselves as years go by.

Attention is called to the resolution of the three stakes in Ogden and in other stakes of Zion in regard to the observance of the Sabbath day, passed at the recent annual conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and also the Sunday Schools of those stakes. Let all associations seek to create a sentiment against spending Sunday evening in ice cream parlors, in refreshment stands, and instead of that let the young people gather at the homes of their parents or attend to public worship. It is a good idea for the young men and women officers of the associations to call on their bishop and tell him that they are prepared to co-operate with the parents' class of the Sunday School, with the bishop of the ward, and with all good people, to create a sentiment in the community against the desecration of the Sabbath day; and that as far as they are concerned as officers, they are not patronizing refreshment places and amusement schemes on the Sabbath day. This would have its effect. We should remember that reforms come by personal effort. We shall always find evil things in the world, and it is our duty to steer clear of them, and so control our appetites, passions and desires, as to put temptation far below us, and live in an atmosphere where we can be sure of the approbation of our Father in heaven, keeping his laws and commandments.

Marriage for Eternity.

"Sometimes into two hearts great enough to hold it and into two souls where it may forever abide, there comes the Everlasting Love. It is elemental, like the fire and the sea, with the depth and splendor of the surge and the glory of the flame. It makes the world a vast cathedral in which the two may worship, and where even in the darkness there is the peace which passeth all understanding, because it is of God.

"When the time of parting comes, for there is always that turning in the road, the sadness is not so great because one must go on alone. Life grows beautiful after a time, and even wholly sweet, when a man and a woman have so lived and loved and worked together, that death is not good-by but rather *auf wieder sehen*."—*Selected*.

Mutual Work.

M. I. A. Annual Conventions, 1910.

To the Stake Officers Y. M. M. I. A.:

The following are the appointments for the M. I. A. Conventions, 1910. In case any changes are desired in the dates given, the stake superintendents should immediately consult with their stake presidencies and arrange for a new date, and notify the General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

CONVENTION APPOINTMENTS.

August 14—Yellowstone, Alberta.

August 21—Wayne and Taylor.

August 28—Beaver, Fremont, Malad, Hyrum, Pocatello, Woodruff,

September 5—Kanab.

September 4—Box Elder, Bear River, Cassia, Liberty, Jordan, Weber, Parowan, North Davis, Rigby, Panguitch, San Juan at Moab.

September 11—Ensign, South Sanpete, Uintah, Wasatch, Granite, South Davis, Tooele, Bannock, Emery, North Weber, Pioneer, San Luis, Teton.

September 12—St. George.

September 14—San Juan at Mancos.

September 18—Big Horn, Oneida, Blackfoot, Summit, Millard, Juab, Ogden, Nebo, Alpine, Bingham, Carbon.

September 25—North Sanpete, Union, Benson, Morgan, Utah, Bear Lake, Cache, Sevier, Salt Lake, Star Valley.

Convention dates of Arizona and Mexico will be announced later.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CONVENTION.

Stake superintendents will please give special and immediate attention to the following items:

1. Confer with the stake presidency—secure their co-operation and arrange for the conventions.

2. See that your ward and stake organizations are all complete and your class teachers selected before the convention.

3. See that all officers and class teachers are notified by personal

visit where possible or by letter, to secure their attendance. Leave no one with an excuse for absence. Make a special effort to get a large representation of officers from each association—it should be one hundred per cent.

4. Secure a suitable hall, or halls, for the convention, where both the young men's and young ladies' officers may be accommodated without interfering with Sunday schools or ward meetings. Consult with the young ladies in regard to this. Confer with the officers of the young ladies and arrange for entertaining officers who come from a distance; and, if practicable, provide for light joint luncheon between sessions.

5. It has been provided for, by arrangement between the two boards, that all Sunday school teachers who are Mutual Improvement officers or class teachers shall be excused from Sunday school classes to attend the morning session of the convention.

6. Do not fail to extend a personal, special invitation to the stake presidency, high councilors; bishops and their counselors, and all the stake officers of the auxiliary organizations to attend the convention meetings.

7. See to it that competent persons are selected to treat the subjects at the convention. Assign the topics to them in advance, and call attention to the necessity of preparing the subject according to the outlines.

8. Forward copies of this circular to every ward president without delay, and request him to acknowledge receipt of them and see to their proper distribution.

9. Hold at least one preliminary meeting of the stake superintendency, aids and convention speakers, discuss the convention subjects thoroughly, and perfect all arrangements for the convention, in ample time before the date. Notify the General Secretary two weeks prior to the convention of what measures have been taken to carry out these instructions.

10. Stake secretaries are requested and required to furnish a report to the general secretary.

In making these arrangements, care should be taken not to interfere with the sessions of the Sunday schools or regular ward afternoon meetings. Some settlement should be selected where the meetings can be held in a building other than that in which the Sunday school and ward afternoon meetings are held. Young men should, as far as possible, aid the young ladies to get to the conventions.

Thoroughly advertise your conventions throughout your stake; give frequent notice in the ward meetings, Sunday schools and other gather-

ings, and have a notice published in your local newspaper, in addition to individual notice, personal or by letter, to every Y. M. M. I. A. officer, including the class teacher.

For the work of the young men's associations, two meetings will be held, one at 10 a. m. and one at 2 p. m. In the evening, at the most convenient hour, a joint meeting should be held to which the public should be invited.

A program need not be prepared for the evening meeting. In case no visitors from the general board are present, the stake officers should be prepared to occupy the time in presenting to the public the advantages and outlines of M. I. A. work for the season, and otherwise proceed with the convention work.

The meetings will be conducted by the stake M. I. A. officers, and the young men's program will consist of the following:

PROGRAM, 10 A. M.

1. Joint opening exercises.

2. Separation.

3. Roll call.

4. Stake Superintendent's Report as to Preparation for this Convention.—This should include every item named in these instructions, as to distribution of literature, notices and invitations to officers, preliminary meetings, etc.

5. Efficient Stake Supervision.

Efficient stake supervision should include the proper organization of the stake and ward officers, monthly and weekly ward and stake officer's meetings, getting efficient class teachers, enrollment and attendance, the spirit of the officers, and the checking up of the work by the stake officers in every ward.

6. Music in the Associations.—This should deal with musical directors, and proper organization of quartet and male choruses, hymns and melody singing. (See remarks by Oscar A. Kirkham, ERA, September.)

7. Debates.—(See remarks by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, delivered at the June conference—ERA for September and conference minutes.)

8. Athletics.—Touching every department relating to the method of introducing athletics into the associations, campus and equipment, rules for meets, annual meets, qualifications for contestants, outdoor and indoor work. Local conditions.

NOTE.—The time for each of the topics should be so divided that there will be ample opportunity for discussion, and for pertinent questions during the meeting.

NOTE.—The topics discussed at the annual conference in June were of such timeliness and importance that the board has deemed it proper to suggest them as the leading topics for consideration at the annual conventions.

PROGRAM, 2 P. M.

1. Opening exercises.

2. Manuals, and Manual Lessons.—This topic should include a brief statement of the contents of the manuals for this season, sample lessons of which will be provided for each speaker by application to the general secretary. Class work, teachers and teaching, the importance of home preparation and of having the manual in the hands of every member of the association, should be dwelt upon.

3. Story Telling Contests, Orations and Lectures.

This should set forth the purpose and plan of the work, the selection of topics, and the interest and value of these exercises.

4. Reading Course.—This should include a short talk on the books that have been selected for the present year, the use of books in general, and plans for effectively placing the books in the cheapest way in the hands of the members of the association, with a view to the importance of the youth forming the habit of reading good books.

5. Miscellaneous Business.—This should include instructions relating to statistical reports; the fund; the canvass for the IMPROVEMENT ERA; duties of secretaries; promptness of remittances; accuracy and honesty in accounts; the educational advantages of doing business for the ERA and the manual.

As in the forenoon, there should be time left for pertinent questions and discussions during this session.

Where convenient it is desirable that an evening meeting, to which the general public is invited, should be held. At this meeting the members of the general board visiting will occupy the time, but in case of their absence the superintendency of the stake should be prepared to present to the public a plan and preview of the labors of our organizations for the coming year, and to appeal to them for their sympathy and aid in making our organization a success.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CONVENTION.

These conventions are of paramount importance, and it is hoped that the superintendents will see that their officers are present. It is not enough to have just one ward representative, make it a point to have all officers there, one hundred per cent, if possible. The success of the convention depends largely upon your efforts, dear brother, and upon the

efforts and spirit of your associates. Keep in touch with the general office and make all the arrangements necessary for successful meetings. We pray that the Lord may bless your labors and that you may have a profitable convention.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

HEBER J. GRANT,

B. H. ROBERTS.

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

Annual M. I. A. Conference.

(Concluded from July Era.)

Saturday, June 4, 1910, 2 p. m. at Barratt Hall.

Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., delivered an address on

STORY TELLING CONTESTS, ORATIONS AND LECTURES.

Fifteen manual lessons had been prepared for next year, and as there would be some twenty-five meetings held, ten or more sessions will be occupied by other matters than those contained in the manual. The time of some of these sessions at least, will be occupied in the junior classes with story telling, reading, recitations, etc., and in the senior classes by debates, orations and lectures. The question is, What are the purposes in holding these contests? Sometimes we get the idea that in these contests the great object is to win, but that is not the case. Of course, any young man entering a debate or other contest should work to gain his point, but these contests are primarily for the purpose of gaining information and developing power to express thoughts and feelings intelligently before the public. It isn't everybody who can successfully express his or her thoughts so that the meaning is fully conveyed. We want to develop this power, so that when our missionaries go out they can fully express themselves.

Elder Smith suggested that the officers arrange their programs and choose contestants early in the season, giving the participants plenty of time to prepare. He stated that these contests, when held in public, should be well advertised and special music provided, and a very enjoyable and instructive meeting held. Many topics were presented in the manual for 1909-10, and more would be printed in the new manuals. In case any association wished to take up any topic not included in those recommended by the General Board, it must first be submitted to the Committee of the General Board for approval. Stories should be submitted to the association officers for approval, and only such chosen as

are uplifting, educational, and teach some great principle or truth. General Secretary Moroni Snow read the

STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL REPORTS.

From the statistical report of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations for the year ending May 31, 1910, it appears that there are 655 associations, an increase of 26 over the year previous. Out of this number 472 are graded, an increase of 37. There are 32,743 permanent members enrolled, an increase of 518, and an active membership of 22,772, a decrease of 619 over last year. A total of 13,358 between fourteen and forty-five years of age are not enrolled, which is an increase of 606; 1,161 members are away from home attending school, and 1,243 are on foreign missions. There were 13,506 in average attendance, an increase of 139 over last year: 3,333 officers' meetings were held, an increase of 64. Officers' meetings, regular weekly meetings, joint meetings, monthly conjoint meetings, extra and special meetings, conferences and conventions, public lectures, contests, debates, etc., totalled 25,844. It is noticeable that public lectures, debates, contests, concerts, etc., numbered this season 1,085, which is an increase of 433 over last season.

The manual lessons were generally completed. The decrease of 2,213 shown in manual lessons completed arises from the fact that only 15 lessons were given in the manual for the season of 1909-10, as compared with twenty-one lessons in previous years. There were 29,857 home preparations, which is a decrease of 8,341, the decrease being assigned to a similar cause. In this connection special emphasis should be placed upon home preparation and every effort made to have those who join the classes study the lessons, so that the best good may result from the lesson exercises.

There were 7,177 miscellaneous exercises, an increase of 481. It is encouraging to note that 1,916 members read one or all the reading course books, which is an increase over last year of 584. In 1907, 750 members read one or all of the reading course; in 1908, 1,635; in 1909, 1,332.

The stake officers visited 3,290 times, which is an increase of 541 over last year. The missionary visits, however, by the ward M. I. A. officers decreased by 276, the total being 3,058. There are now 236 libraries, which is an increase of 46 over last year, and in these libraries are 11,843 volumes, an increase of 152 over the year previous. The total value of the libraries is estimated at \$9,138.27, which is an increase of \$2,268.62.

Of the foreign missions, reports were received from the Central

States, Hawaiian Islands, Northern States, Northwestern States, Western States, Sweden and Scandinavia, from which it appears that there are 1,568 active members and 1,852 permanent members enrolled, with an average attendance of 819. Twenty-four members have read the reading course.

Singing, "Come let us anew, our journey pursue"—Congregation.
Benediction by Elder Rulon S. Wells.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.

Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, conjoint officer's meeting in the Tabernacle, president Joseph F. Smith presiding. The Tabernacle was well filled with young people.

The congregation sang "High on the Mountain Top," and prayer was offered by Dr. George H. Brimhall. A double trio was rendered by six young ladies.

Addresses were then given on conjoint work. Elder John A. Widtsoe spoke on debates. His remarks will be printed in full later.

Elder Oscar A. Kirkham delivered an address on music, which will later appear in full in the ERA.

Elder John Robinson sang "The Valley of the Shadow."

The subject of Drama in the associations was treated by Sister Alice C. Tuddenham.

Sister Emma Goddard presented the subject of reading and storytelling in the associations.

In the discussion of the subjects which followed, President Joseph F. Smith said that every word of Dr. Widtsoe's remarks as to debates in the associations was in full accord with his ideas on the matter; and he hoped that the suggestions would be followed.

Elder Heber J. Grant said he was pleased with the address of Elder Kirkham in regard to music. Attention should be paid to the text of the songs taught, as well as the melody. In answer to a question Elder Grant said that where a young man and young lady conductor were present at meetings the two should alternate in the work of conducting the music.

Sister Martha H. Tingey, president of the young ladies' general board, said the remarks of Elder Grant in regard to music applied to reading, also, and no story should be told which contained anything contrary to the teachings of the gospel.

Considerable discussion followed in which the various phases of mutual work were gone over, and suggestions made for the improvement of each department.

The congregation sang "O thou rock of our salvation."

Benediction by Sister Agnes S. Campbell.

President Joseph F. Smith presided over the general meeting of the conference held at two o'clock in the Tabernacle.

The Tabernacle choir sang "Glorious things of thee are spoken," and prayer was offered by Elder Joseph W. McMurrin.

The Tabernacle choir sang "The morning breaks, the shadows flee."

Superintendent Heber J. Grant presented the authorities of the general boards of the young ladies' and young men's associations. The Young Men's officers were unanimously sustained as follows:

Of the general board Y. M. M. I. A.: Joseph F. Smith, general superintendent, Heber J. Grant and B. H. Roberts, assistants. As aids: Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith, J. Golden Kimball, Junius F. Wells, Rodney C. Badger, George H. Brimhall, Edward H. Anderson, Douglas M. Todd, Thomas Hull, Nephi L. Morris, Willard Done, LeRoi C. Snow, Frank Y. Taylor, Rudger Clawson, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. McMurrin, Reed Smoot, Bryant S. Hinckley, Moses W. Taylor, B. F. Grant, Hyrum M. Smith, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., O. C. Beebe, Lewis T. Cannon, Benjamin Goddard, George Albert Smith, Thomas A. Clawson. Lyman R. Martineau, Charles H. Hart, John A. Widtsoe, James H. Anderson, Anthony W. Ivins, Oscar A. Kirkham, Anthon H. Lund, George F. Richards. Moroni Snow, General secretary.

Sister Martha H. Tingey, president of the Y. L. M. I. A., then addressed the congregation. She said the work of the mutuals is growing, Zion is growing. She felt that the Lord must be pleased with the work. "But there is evil among us, and what can we do to stem the tide of evil which is broadcast in the earth? I will tell you in a few words: live up to the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ in your daily lives. That will prove a remedy, and by that we may escape the evil extant throughout the world. Parents should teach their children faith in God, baptism, and to keep the Sabbath day holy.

"Another evil that I see creeping in among both our young men and young ladies is that of striving for fashion. Our garments should be neat and becoming, but plain, and we should not strive to follow those whose highest object in life seems to be to adorn their bodies. * * * Another practice to be deplored is that of visiting the cafes and soda fountains, where much ill health is engendered, and the habit of treating is established."

The anthem, "Grant us Peace, O Lord," was sung.

President Joseph F. Smith said, "We have heard of the misdeeds of some who have fallen into error and transgression, but I believe there is not another people of the same magnitude and surrounded with the same

environments, circumstances and temptations that can produce as large a percentage of uprightness, purity, virtue and honor as this people can. I would like to proclaim that thought and that truth to the world." His address in full will appear later.

Elder Heber J. Grant delivered a eulogy on John Hafen, the artist, who died in Indianapolis, Friday, June 3, telling of the universal esteem in which he was held, and of the eminence he had attained as Utah's foremost landscape painter, having obtained honors both at home in Utah and elsewhere. The speaker read extracts from comments of other artists, and an editorial which recently appeared in the *News*.

A chorus of little children from the Ensign stake, under the direction of Sister Nellie Penrose Whitney, rendered a summertime lullaby.

Sister Emma Ramsey Morris, of the Primary Associations, delivered a very interesting address on the importance of the work among the children at the tender and susceptible stage of their development. She said there were between fifty and sixty thousand children enrolled in the primaries, with twelve thousand teachers. Mrs. Morris spoke of the importance of music, reading the old Church hymn, "Come, Come, ye Saints."

The choir sang the anthem, "God is our Refuge and Strength," and the benediction was pronounced by Sister Louie B. Felt, of the Primary Association.

Sunday evening conjoint meeting was opened by the congregation singing "Come, come, ye Saints," and prayer was offered by President John Henry Smith, after which a solo, "Hosannah," was given by Melvin Peterson. President Joseph F. Smith presided at the meeting.

Elder George H. Brimhall spoke on "Be ye clean."

"The Mother's Lullaby" was sung by the ladies' chorus of Pioneer stake, under the direction of Miss Mabel Cooper.

President Joseph F. Smith then addressed the congregation in behalf of the Primary Associations and their work.

The ladies' chorus sang "We ever Pray for Thee," and the benediction was pronounced by President Anthon H. Lund.

Conference adjourned.

Alpine Stake Athletic Contest.

The second annual athletic contest of the M. I. A. of the Alpine stake was held at American Fork, Utah, Wednesday, June 15. Stake Secretary John E. Standing writes that a large and enthusiastic crowd

was present, every ward being represented, which speaks volumes for the interest taken in, and the popularity of, the meet. The Lehi Silver Band was in attendance and did its part in making the occasion a successful and enjoyable one.



Jesse Walker.

As a preliminary event, a game of baseball was played between Lehi and Linden league teams, the former winning. They received a valuable catcher's mitt as a prize. The Track and Field contests between the three districts were spirited. The teams were so evenly matched that interest never waned until the last event was pulled off.

Last year, in the early spring, Alpine stake was divided into three perma-

nent athletic districts. Lehi four wards and Cedar Valley, district No. 1; American Fork four wards, and Alpine, district No. 2; Pleasant Grove three wards, Manila and Linden, district No. 3. Preliminary contests, both last year and this, were held between the wards in these districts to determine the best men for the stake meet. In this way many were imbued and became enthusiastic with the spirit of the athletic work.

When the number of points received by each team at this year's meet was announced it was found that district No. 1 made 53 points, district No. 2, 22 points, and district No. 3, 29 points. District No. 1 was awarded a beautiful silver loving cup for their permanent possession.

The highest individual point winner of the day was Earl Holmstead of district No. 1; Homer Christensen, the highest in district No. 2, and Jesse Walker, the highest in district No. 3 (pictures herewith). In order to stimulate a greater individual interest in the meet, gold pins engraved



Homer Christensen
American Fork.

"M. I. A. 1910," also bearing the inscription of "first," "second," or "third," with ribbons attached, red designating first, white, second, and blue, third place—were awarded individuals winning first, second and third place in each event. The day closed with a model social dance in

the Apollo hall, all contestants being admitted free as guests of the M. I. A.

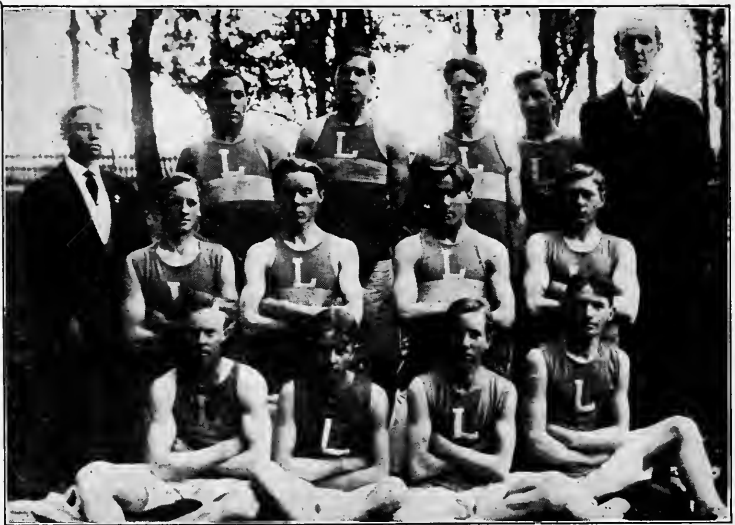
The stake is divided into three athletic districts, with a chairman appointed over each, who, with the presidents of the associations therein comprise the athletic council of that district and work up interest in the meet. A valuable silver loving cup is awarded each year to the district taking first place, and individual trophies, consisting of pins and ribbons are given individuals taking first, second or third place in each event.

The meet was governed by strict track and field rules, all events were pulled off in record time, everything was well arranged and all officials appointed before hand, and everybody did their duty.

The expenses of the meet are met by charging a nominal admission fee to the grounds and grand stand.

Last year the meet was held at Lehi, and district No. 2 carried off the silver loving cup. Pleasant Grove has been designated for next year's meet, with the assurance of continued success.

Alpine stake has a class of young people who will do everything in their power to make these meets successful. The records made in this year's meet showed a marked improvement over those of last year, and one and all are now planning and working to get athletes in shape who will make their district the winner of the stake meet another year.



LEHI TEAM.

Earl Holmstead (From the left, the third in uniform in second row)
highest individual winner in District No. 1.

Passing Events.

President Diaz was re-elected president of Mexico on June 26, and Raymond Corral, vice-president, by an overwhelming majority. President Diaz is now in his 80th year, and has been president, excepting four years, since the first election in 1876.

The Fourteenth International Congress of American Republics was opened at Buenos Aires on July 12, and will remain in session for five or six weeks. The last conference was held in Rio de Janeiro, in 1906. The importance of these gatherings is regarded as second only to the great peace conference of The Hague.

Professor Goldwin Smith, author, lecturer and educator, died at Toronto, June 7, in his 87th year. In 1858-66 he was professor of modern history at Oxford, and later a professor of English and constitutional history at Cornell, 1868-71. He wrote numerous magazine and newspaper articles upon educational, religious, and political subjects and was author of forty books.

The Eighteenth Universal Peace Congress will meet at Stockholm, Sweden, the first week in August. The Seventeenth Congress was held in London, in 1908, at which Utah was well represented, and it is hoped that some of the friends of peace from the people whose creed is "Peace on earth, good will to men," will find it convenient to represent Utah in the Eighteenth Congress.

Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, the English aviator, and the third son of Lord Langatock, who crossed the English channel twice in a Wright aeroplane without descending, and who flew from Dover to Sangatte, near Calais, France, and back again to Dover, and descended, covering fifty miles in ninety minutes, was killed on the 12th of July in an aviation accident at Bournemouth, England.

Captain Scott, of the British Antarctic expedition, with a crew of twenty-seven picked men, and twenty-eight officers and men of science, sailed from the Thames on June 1st in *Terranova*. Captain Scott hopes to reach the South Pole in December, 1911. Besides ponies, and

dog teams, they are provided with a motor sled which has been satisfactorily tested on the snows of Norway.

A statue of General George A. Custer was unveiled June 4, by his widow, in the presence of President Taft, at Monroe, Michigan. This noted Indian fighter was slain in the Sioux massacre, on the Little Big Horn, in Montana, in 1876, and is represented as reining in his horse while reconnoitering from the summit of a hill. The monument was erected by the people of Michigan, and is the work of Edward C. Potter, of Greenwich, Connecticut.

Old Folks' Day this year was observed on the 22nd of June, in Tooele City. This city and county entertained over two thousand people, all over seventy years of age, besides five hundred visitors from Cache in the north to Richfield in the south. Everybody in Tooele united to give them a pleasant time. Two hundred waiters served them with food and drink, and four local physicians, with nurses, arranged a medical relief corps to wait upon the old people in case of necessity.

Postal savings banks will be established throughout the land, perhaps by the year 1911. A board of trustees provided by Congress will determine what postoffices shall become postal savings banks. An account may be opened with one dollar, and no single account may exceed \$500. Saving stamps of a ten-cent denomination will be issued for those who desire to accumulate money for deposits upon which two per cent interest will be paid. For those who desire to exchange their deposits for government bonds, which will be issued in denominations of twenty dollars and upwards, provision is made for exchanging with interest at two and a half per cent. The money accumulated in the postal savings banks is to be deposited in both national and state banks in the vicinity of the local postoffice, and these banks are to pay two and one-fourth per cent interest. The board of trustees for the selection of postoffices consists of the Postmaster General, Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney General.

"A Brief History of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, by Himself," is the title of a neatly-bound, 63-page booklet published by the Deseret Sunday School Union, Salt Lake City, and sold for 25 cents. The first part of the volume contains the prophet's own account of his life and his early revelations up to and including the year 1830. In the first chapter following there is a brief account of the life of Joseph and the history of the Church from the organization to the martyrdom. The final chapter enumerates some of the prophet's characteristics, and refers to the divinity of his work and the founding of Utah. Altogether

the little volume contains a fund of information on this subject as pertinent and encompassing, as it is brief and quickly to be read. As an introduction to "Mormonism" at home and abroad, it should be of great value.

Noel Guy Davis passed the examination at Ann Arbor on the 17th of June, and was admitted to the Naval Academy, from Utah. He



NOEL GUY DAVIS.

has earned his position through pluck, push and perseverance, and his friends wish him success in securing for himself a name among the naval service of our nation. He was born on Christmas day, 1891, in Salt Lake City. He entered the public schools at eight and graduated at fourteen. He entered the Latter-day Saints' University in 1906, from which institution he graduated this spring. Just prior to his graduation from the L. D. S. he took the examination for the naval service, and the result came to the ears of his fellow students on the evening of the graduation exercises, at which time President Willard Young announced that one of the students, Noel Davis, had earned a place in the Ann Arbor Naval

Academy. Barratt Hall almost shook with the applause that followed. His widowed mother, Mrs. Lena B. Davis, of Salt Lake City, may well be proud of her son's achievements, and *he* has occasion to exclaim with the immortal Washington, "What I am today I owe to my mother!"

The Press of Norway has recently made severe attacks upon the Latter-day Saints and their propaganda for converts, declaring that the elders are in Norway to induce young women to emigrate to Utah for evil purposes. To protest against these statements, and to show their utter incorrectness, the colony of Norwegian Latter-day Saints and other Norwegians of Salt Lake City held a public mass meeting on the 7th of July in the Fourteenth ward assembly hall. A representative of the Norwegian women read some of the objectionable and scurrilous articles from the Norwegian press to the assembly. An address was presented, signed by all the women present, protesting against the falsehoods, to be forwarded to the Norwegian papers with a request that they give the protest as wide a circulation as they have given the false and dishonorable attacks upon the people of Utah. Leading Norwegian-American citizens, not members of the Church, also testified to the correctness of the statements in the protest. An address was delivered

by Lawyer C. M. Nielsen, in which he gave statistics proving the utter falsehood of the statements made by the Norwegian papers. There are eight thousand Norwegian men and women in Utah, half of whom are Latter-day Saints, and the other half belonging to different denominations. The address from the Norwegian women in Utah sets forth the favorable, happy and prosperous condition of their cuntrymen in this state. It was signed by all present. The signatures are certified by C. M. Nielsen, Norwegian vice-counsel for the state of Utah. This was forwarded for publication to *Aftenposten*, Christiania, together with a photograph containing some hundred or more Norwegian men and women, taken before the doors of the courthouse in Salt Lake City, as happy and good looking a "bunch" as was ever placed before a camera. It is hoped the press will deal fairly in this matter.

The Pioneer Monument, at Hyrum, Cache county, Utah, erected in honor of the pioneers who settled there in 1860, is located upon the



PIONEER MONUMENT, HYRUM, UTAH.

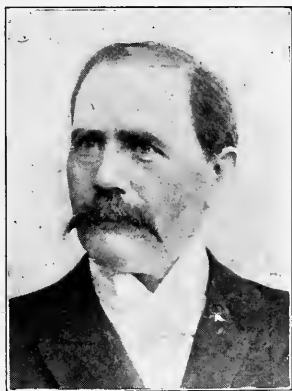
city hall grounds of that city, facing the main street. Upon the metal plate are inscribed the names of the pioneers and their children. Hyrum, a thriving city of two thousand people, feels just pride in thus honoring her pioneers. The imposing monument shaft composed of Utah temple granite, stands nearly eighteen feet high. Its base weighs nine thousand pounds. The monument cost something over six hundred dollars, and is an art production emanating from the artistic mind and skilled hand of Mr. P.

C. Hansen, a native son of Hyrum, now of Logan.

The fiftieth anniversary celebration of the settlement of Hyrum took place on June 22, 1910. The pioneers and early settlers from many points in Utah and Idaho participated in the festivities. They were decorated with badges indicating the year of their first arrival. The streets and public buildings were beautifully decorated. There were true-to-life illustrations of the early mode of conveyance, the ox team, and the early style of abode, the log cabin. Mayor H. F. Liljenquist, son of the first mayor, the late Hon. O. N. Liljenquist who was elected in 1870,

presided over the exercises as marshal of the day. The address of welcome was delivered by President W. C. Parkinson, then followed a program of reminiscent stories, speeches, poems, prepared papers and songs. Following the program the pioneers, early settlers, and distinguished visitors were banqueted, after which the unveiling ceremonies took place. Old Father Niels B. Nielsen, eighty-eight years of age, the oldest living Hyrum pioneer, with trembling hand, guided by his son-in-law, Hon. I. C. Thoreson, unveiled the monument to the applauding assembly, while the band played a national air. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Bishop A. O. Allen and the oration, "The Pioneers—the Monument," was delivered by Mr. C. F. Olsen. Mr. O. F. Wilson presented the monument to the city authorities, and Mayor Liljenquist gave a speech of acceptance. Of the actual pioneers there are only ten living: Niels B. Nielsen, Andrew B. Nielsen, Moroni Benson, Adam Smith, Andrew Anderson, Oliver McBride, Alice Anderson, Elizabeth Williams, Cynthia Allen, and Elmira McBride.

Elder Andreas Peterson, a leading business man, and well known Churchman of Logan, Utah, has been called to the presidency of the



Swedish mission to relieve Elder Peter Sundwall. He was born on the 23rd of June, 1849, in Hobal Parish, Dalsland, Sweden. In the spring of 1871, he left his parental home and went to Christiania, Norway, returning at Christmas, that year. Having heard the gospel preached by elders during his stay in Christiania, he explained the first principles of the gospel to his father, mother three brothers and one sister. Returning, next spring, to Christiania he was baptized, on the 25th of May following, by Niels Isaksen, and the day after confirmed by Maans Anderson. He was ordained to the office of deacon and later teacher in the Aaronic priesthood, acting as teacher in the Christiania branch. In the spring of 1873, he was called to labor as a missionary in Stavanger, and on the 3rd of August following was ordained an elder. He labored in Stavanger some two years, holding many public meetings and gaining a splendid experience in the mission field. In the spring of 1875, he was called to Dramen, where he continued in the ministry for more than two years, during which time some sixty members were added to the Church. In the summer of 1877

he visited his home in Sweden, and on the 9th of June baptized his mother. Ten days later he left Christiania for America, reaching Salt Lake City July 14, 1877. Aside from a five-month residence in Spring City, Sanpete county, he has resided in Logan since January 8, 1878. He married Inga Overson July 25 following. At the October general conference, 1882, he was called on a mission to Scandinavia. He labored in the Stockholm conference, Sweden, as a traveling elder for nearly two years, during which time he walked more than three thousand miles and baptized forty-two souls. He was released in 1884 and arrived home November 10, being immediately called to preside over the second quorum of elders, which position he held until the 3rd of March, 1887, when he was ordained a high priest by George Pitkin and called to serve in the high council of Cache stake.

On December 5, 1889, after serving as a missionary in the Logan temple, he was chosen superintendent of the Logan 4th ward Sunday school, which position he held until August, 1898. On the 12th of that month he left on another mission to Scandinavia. On the way east he visited important Church historical places in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and New York. Arriving in Copenhagen on the 9th of September, 1898, he was appointed to preside over the Scandinavian mission on the 18th of the same month, and for nearly three years following he faithfully performed the duties of that calling. In Gillavare, Lapland, thirty-six miles within the polar circle, he held a public meeting, attended by over two hundred people, which was the first ever held by a "Mormon" elder in that part of the world. Leaving Copenhagen on April 29, 1901, after his release, he made a trip of the orient, visiting Constantinople, Syria, and the Holy Land. He also went to Egypt, thence to Italy, Switzerland and France, arriving in Utah July 8, 1901. Of this trip he says: "I have had a life-long desire realized, for which I am happy indeed, and I must say that the experience which I have thus gained, and the sights seen, shall always be treasured fondly in my recollection as pearls of great price gathered from the shores of the ocean of life."

Elder Peterson has always taken great interest in the study of his own language—Swedish—as well as the Danish, Norwegian, English and German languages. In a political way he has served his city one term in the City Council and two terms on the Board of Education. He expects to leave for Stockholm to fill his new missionary call about the first of September. A zealous worker in the cause of the Church, an excellent speaker, an experienced business man, Elder Peterson possesses all the qualifications that go to make an ideal mission president.

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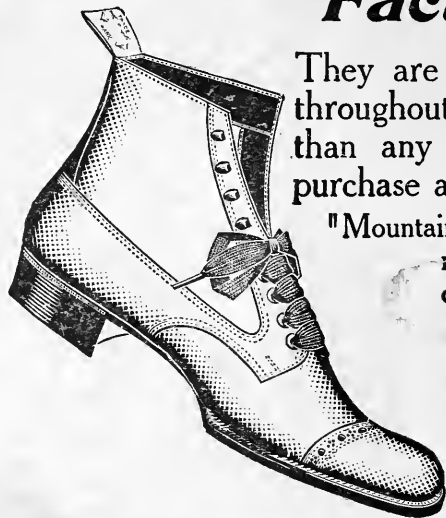
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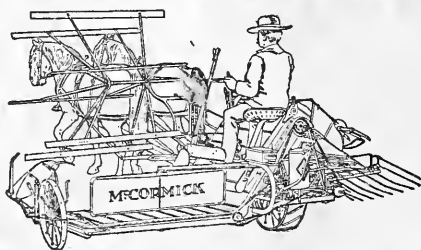







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